Spare Parts, by Marc Platt

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[Part One]

(Enthusiastic 1950s Pathé style news report.)
TV COMMENTATOR: It's taken six years training, but the sky's the limit today as mankind sets out on its mission to see the stars. Crewman Donald Philpott, seen here waving to well-wishers, was chosen from over thirty recruits for the honour of being the first man to set foot on the surface. At a special reception, Crewman Philpott was presented to dignitaries from the Central Advisory Committee and got an extra special farewell from Ruby Craddock, this year's Miss Beetroot Factory. Whoops, steady on, Crewman. Better wipe that lipstick off your visor before the Missus sees. And now we say God speed to you as you set off on man's greatest endeavour.

(Breathing inside helmet.)
MINISTER [OC]: Good evening, Mister Crewman. I'm speaking to you on behalf of the Central Committee, in what must be the strangest telephone call ever. In moments, you will step out of your capsule, the first man to set foot on the surface since our tiny world began. Strengthened by the finest technology the science factories can muster, you carry our future in your hands. Our light into the endless darkness. Good luck, Crewman. We are praying for you.
(Click, dialling tone. Hatch opens. Walking on frozen surface then he screams.)

NYSSA: Battle From Above The Sky. See Visitors from the Stars. All Action Adventure. Thrilling. Astounding. Startling?
DOCTOR: Sunday for seven days. Sounds suitably tawdry and unrealistic. If we could find an usherette in the gloom, Nyssa, I'd buy you a strawberry mivvie.
NYSSA: I thought the pictures meant a sort of art gallery.
DOCTOR: Not exactly. But it is an entertainment of sorts.
(Doors rattle.)
DOCTOR: And this cinema must have been shut for years.
NYSSA: A boarded-up picture house doesn't prove this is Earth.
DOCTOR: You know, I'm not sure coming here was such a good idea.
NYSSA: You didn't say much at all. Just that the coordinates weren't right. This isn't Earth, is it. Doctor?
DOCTOR: Everything shuttered up. Not a soul on the street.
NYSSA: Maybe there's a curfew. Or perhaps it's just late.
DOCTOR: That clock said a quarter to eight. And the atmosphere's stuffy. Like a hothouse. Er, yes, yes, of course, it's Earth. We're right here in the heart of London. I just didn't recognise it under the street lights. Trafalgar Square is that way with the lighted tree. And that's the Palace beyond it. Must be Christmas.
NYSSA: Doctor.
DOCTOR: Look, tram lines. Probably the nineteen fifties. You see, nothing to worry about at all.
NYSSA: Doctor, even I know that cities on Earth aren't built inside huge stone caverns. And Earth certainly isn't an isolated grey planet, drifting light years from any star.
DOCTOR: The atmosphere's frozen, hence the underground city. And you must admit it looks like Earth, down here at any rate.
NYSSA: This close to the Cherrybowl Nebula? Much *too* close, you said.
DOCTOR: I'm not sure. Can we go now?
NYSSA: You know where we are, don't you?
DOCTOR: No. No, not for certain.
NYSSA: But you have a good idea.
DOCTOR: To be honest, Nyssa, I'd really rather not know. And yes, I know I'll never get another moment's peace if I don't find out, but I'm resigned to that. Quite adamant, actually. Oh, all right. Just another half an hour.
NYSSA: I didn't say a word.
DOCTOR: You go that way. I'll go this. But be careful. Just look. Don't get involved.
NYSSA: All right. (receding) Half an hour. Back at the Tardis.
DOCTOR: And I used to be such a good liar.

(Something mechanical moving. Running feet.)
YVONNE: There he goes. Under the timber stack. Dad!
DAD: (breathless) Hang on then. Crumbs Vonnie, I'm getting past all this.
YVONNE: He's under there. Looked like a Deluxe.
DAD: Let's have a look. Oh, yes. Deluxe Mark 6. Thinks he's safe holed up in there.
YVONNE: Here's the cheeser.
DAD: Ta, love. Right, let's sort you out, you little silver vermin. Now then, setting number one'll do for a

little 'un.
YVONNE: Oh, hurry up, Dad. The last tram's gone already. It can't be far off lights out.
DAD: Not to worry. The patrols won't be out for ages yet.
YVONNE: Careful. You'll have the whole lot down.
DAD: Steady.
(Humming.)
DAD: There now. He can't resist that. I'll give him three minutes, then we can be off home to tea. You got the net?
YVONNE: Yep.
DAD: Good lass. And here's the tongs.
YVONNE: He's not budging.
DAD: Give him time.
(Another mechanical device.)
YVONNE: What's that?
DAD: There's another blooming one behind us. Typical.
YVONNE: You don't think it's a nest.
DAD: The crafty little perishers. They're ganging up on us
YVONNE: Look out!
DAD: Ow! Little bleeder!
(Timber falling.)
YVONNE: Dad! Dad? It's all right. Dad? Don't worry, I'll move this stuff. (effort) Come on. Oh, come on, move. It's no good. Look, Dad, I'll go and get help. Dad? Oh, God. Help! Someone, please help!
NYSSA: Hello? What's happening?
YVONNE: (gasping) The timber's across his chest. I can't lift it on my own.
NYSSA: What about you?
YVONNE: I just need my pills, that's all. (gulp) There. Fine now. Please, my dad.
NYSSA: Let's look at him.
YVONNE: He's not moving.
NYSSA: We'll need something to lift the wood.
YVONNE: It isn't safe.
NYSSA: That metal rod.If I can (effort) Ah, got it.
YVONNE: Be careful.
NYSSA: I'm going to lever up the wood. You try to pull him free.
YVONNE: Yep.
NYSSA: Right. Here it comes.
YVONNE: Oh, it's lifting. Push harder!
NYSSA: I'm trying to.
YVONNE: That's it. Come on, Dad. Out you come.
NYSSA: Please hurry
YVONNE: Nearly clear.
(Timber falls.)
YVONNE: Are you all right? Hello?
NYSSA: Fine. Really. What about your father?
YVONNE: Dad? Come on, please. I don't know. He's not moving.
NYSSA: Let's see. He's not breathing.
YVONNE: What are you doing?
NYSSA: Just a second. I can't find his pulse.
YVONNE: I don't understand.
NYSSA: I'm sorry. Look, I don't even know your name, but your father I don't think he's. Well, he's not
DAD: Her name's Yvonne, lass.
NYSSA: Oh!
YVONNE: Oh, Dad!
DAD: Gave us all a fright, that did. I'm a bit dusty, but still all in one piece.
YVONNE: Are you sure?
DAD: My arms's a bit er. No, of course, I'm fine. Now, who's your friend?
NYSSA: I'm sorry. Your pulse I mean, I thought you were
YVONNE: I really couldn't've got Dad out on my own. Thank you, er
NYSSA: My name's Nyssa.
DAD: (laughs) Nyssa? Well, that's original. We're obliged to you, Nyssa. Oh lord, look at the state of your lovely clothes. We'd best get you cleaned up.
NYSSA: No. Really, I'm fine.
DAD: Well, you can't have far to go, not so close to lights out.
NYSSA: I'm not actually from around here, you see.
(Distant klaxon.)
YVONNE: Lights out. You'll never get home now.
NYSSA: I can look after myself.
DAD: With night patrols out? I reckon you'd best come back with us. It's the least we can do.
NYSSA: Sorry, but I have to meet someone.
YVONNE: It's not safe after lights out. No one goes out.

DAD: Only blood-market spivs and civil servants.
YVONNE: And the police.
NYSSA: No, truly, I have to meet
DAD: Now then, no arguing, young lady. It's back home quick as you can, and er, we'll see what's set for tea.

(Footsteps.)
DOCTOR: The Empress of China once had a great fright, She couldn't remember her left from her right Right, I think. Oh, tram stop. Or maybe left. Ah.
(Shop doorbell rings.)
DODD: We're er, closed.
DOCTOR: Oh, I'm sorry. Just exploring.
DODD: Well, you won't catch a tram an go exploring from round here at this time of the night. There's no more trams until the morning.
DOCTOR: Ah. Well. I don't think I've ever travelled on a tram. I'm the Doctor, by the way. How far does the city reach?
DODD: Doctor, eh? Public or er private?
DOCTOR: That's between me and my clients.
DODD: Private, then.
DOCTOR: Very possibly. Is that a problem?
DODD: We've got a lot of doctors round here already. Where's your identity papers?
DOCTOR: Sorry. Seem to have mislaid them.
DODD: Mmm hmm. Or your er ration book? You got any family?
DOCTOR: Lost them too. Very careless.
DODD: (chuckles) A doctorman. I like it, yeah. Clothes, hair, teeth, eyes. Very nice. Very healthy. All your own, are they?
DOCTOR: Just something I go about in.
DODD: Outside and in?
DOCTOR: Down to the last ligament. Strange. I heard artificial organs were all the rage round here.
DODD: Newfangled Committee gadgetry.
DOCTOR: Committee? So, there's no more demand for good old-fashioned, natural transplants.
DODD: Oh, you should see my waiting list. You ever thought of a new career as a donor, Doctor? It can be very lucrative.
DOCTOR: Is this your shop? Oh. Thomas Dodd, purveyor and fitter of necessary bodily parts. Discounts negotiable. Perhaps I should take a look.
DODD: Are you a Health Inspector? You're certainly not the police.
DOCTOR: Tell me, Mister Dodd. Tell me about the city.
DODD: Listen, Doctor. How about a glass or three, eh? We can have a nice little chat. Just us.

DAD: We're home, lad. In you come, you two. Let's see what our Frank's got for tea.
NYSSA: Thank you, but I really shouldn't
DAD: Oh, nonsense. Yvonne, take Nyssa through while I lock up.
(Lots of locks and chains under dialogue.)
YVONNE: Through here, Nyssa. Frank, we've got a visitor. Oh
CONSTANT: Good evening, Yvonne.
(An older woman sounding very like Joan Hickson, but it isn't.)
YVONNE: Sister Constant. Hullo.
FRANK: The Sisterman's been waiting for hours. Where've you been?
CONSTANT: Don't exaggerate, Frank. I've been waiting fifty six minutes.
FRANK: Who's that?
NYSSA: My name's Nyssa. Good evening.
DAD: Nyssa missed her last tram home. We couldn't leave her out on the streets. You're out late, Sister.
CONSTANT: Just on my rounds. Do I know you, dear?
NYSSA: I don't think so.
DAD: Nyssa's down from the South district. Not under your jurisprudence up there, is she?
CONSTANT: Regrettably not. How are you, Yvonne? Still employed at the hydroponic culture plant?
YVONNE: Yes, thank you, Sister.
CONSTANT: Good. And is the medication working?
YVONNE: Yes, thanks.
CONSTANT: No side effects?
YVONNE: Nope. Not much.
FRANK: Apart from being Dad's favourite.
DAD: Frank.
CONSTANT: And you, Mr Hartley? How are you since the cardio-ectomy?
DAD: Well, normal mostly. Sometimes I can feel the little paddles going round in the chest unit.
CONSTANT: That's normal.
DAD: Like being wired up to a blooming accordion. I'll give you a tune if you like.
CONSTANT: You seem to be holding your arm awkwardly.

DAD: Just pulled it a bit. Ow.
YVONNE: Dad, you didn't say.
CONSTANT: Perhaps we should take a look.
DAD: Oh no, I know what that means. Me arm's fine, and I neither want nor can afford a new one.
CONSTANT: As you like. And you, young lady? Nyssa what exactly?
NYSSA: Nyssa of Traken.
CONSTANT: O'Traken. That's unusual. There's an O'Brien family in the West district. May I see your papers?
NYSSA: In the South, where I come from, we accept people on trust. Mister Hartley has generously extended his hospitality to me. But I don't answer to strangers, especially public servant busybodies like you.
CONSTANT: I see. Well, if you'll excuse me, I must be going.
DAD: Oh, dear. I'll see you out.
FRANK: Sister? Any chance of a call-up?
DAD: Oh no, Frank. Not now.
CONSTANT: You're a bit young for that, aren't you? We'll have to see. Heaven bless you all.
(Door being unbolted.)
YVONNE: Nyssa, that was brilliant. That sorted the old boot out. Wasn't that brilliant, Frank?
FRANK: Brilliant.
NYSSA: Surely if she can go, I can go too.
(Door bolted again.)
YVONNE: It's not safe. Dad, tell her she can't go.
NYSSA: But my friend is
DAD: Put the kettle on, Frank. By heck, Nyssa, I wouldn't want to go a couple of rounds with you. But Vonnie's right. You're better off here.
NYSSA: I hope I wasn't rude.
DAD: To the Sisterman? There's not much courtesy behind her curtains, as me dad used to say. As for your friend well, he'll just have to look after hisself.

(Dialling a proper telephone. Ringing. Coin put in the slot to connect the call.)
CONSTANT: It's Constant. I have a selectee at North District Block nine, apartment thirty one. Hartley nine eight D. And I'm reporting a stranger at the same location. Check first name Nyssa and the surname is something like O'Traken. Possibly bogus. Warn all patrols to be on the lookout for any more unregistered strangers.
(Leaves call box.)

(Liquid pouring.)
DODD: So, yes or no?
DOCTOR: Sorry?
DODD: That drink.
DOCTOR: Ah. No, thank you.
DODD: Best not to hang about, then, Doctor. Curfew police'll be round soon. They don't like people to be out after dark.
DOCTOR: Mister Dodd, what *is* the population of the city these days?
DODD: Down to a few thousand.
DOCTOR: And this is the last inhabited city on the planet. On Mondas?
DODD: Of course it is. Where have you been?
DOCTOR: That's one question answered. No wonder business is bad. You're nearly extinct.
(Footsteps. Shop doorbell.)
DODD: Oi, where you going?

(Footsteps. Door closes.)
DODD: You're not an escaped Cryosperiment, are you? 'Cos you can't refreeze once you're thawed out.
DOCTOR: Sorry, I'm meeting a friend. And I'm late already.
POLICEMAN: [OC]: Stop!
(Not entirely human. Very slightly sing-song.)
DOCTOR: (sotto) Committee Police?
DODD: Told you.
(Horses hooves.)
DOCTOR: Remarkable. Unlike, but not unlike. And with a processed, armoured horse too.
DODD: Er, good evening, officer.
POLICEMAN:: Identify yourself. Civilian movement is forbidden during hours of curfew.
DOCTOR: No blank mask yet. Still recognisably human for all the augmented bodywork.
POLICEMAN:: Identify yourself.
DOCTOR: But not as advanced as I'd anticipated. That's encouraging. (whip crack) Ow!
DODD: He says he's a doctorman.
DOCTOR: (And this one says he's a paragon of virtue, but I wouldn't believe either of us.
POLICEMAN:: Stand up.

DOCTOR: I was standing up before you knocked me down, thank you, officer.
POLICEMAN: These streets are sealed. Present your identification papers.
DOCTOR: I don't have an identity. Not as far as you're concerned.
DODD: Don't antagonise him.
DOCTOR: I doubt he has the knack to get even slightly disgruntled. Now, where did I put that Chinese cracker? Ah.
POLICED/IAN: Do not move. Give your name and district.
DODD: What're you doing?
DOCTOR: Matches, matches. Just a small diversion.
POLICEMAN: Name and district are required.
(Match struck but not lit.)
DOCTOR: Best kept away from animals.
POLICEMAN:: Defiance is unacceptable. Surrender now.
DOCTOR: Whatever happened to resistance is useless?
(Match lights.)
DOCTOR: Sorry to keep you. Ah!
POLICEMAN:: You are to be detained under the aegis of the Central Comm
(The firework starts a series of small explosions. The horse panics.)
DOCTOR: Run!
POLICEMAN:: Warning. Warning. Two suspects proceeding along Third Street away from restricted area. I cannot leave my post. I cannot leave my post.

(Crockery noises.)
DAD: Help clear the table, Frank. Don't leave it all to Nyssa.
FRANK: I've got homework
YVONNE: Ah. Too difficult, is it?
FRANK: No. But *I* had to entertain the Sisterman.
YVONNE: She should be so lucky. Eric Krailford says that
FRANK: Oh, Eric Krailford. I saw Eric Krailford smooching with Elsie Phipps in the turnip queue.
YVONNE: Oh, you little liar!
FRANK: She were crying 'cos Eric's gone and
DAD: Frank. We have a guest. Do your homework.
NYSSA: What sort of homework is it?
FRANK: Logic and cybernetics.
NYSSA: Perhaps I could help. I know a lot about
FRANK: What?
DAD: Frank!
FRANK: No, thanks.
NYSSA: Sorry.
DAD: Take no notice of him, Nyssa.
NYSSA: The tea was very nice, Mister Hartley. Thank you, but I still think I should go.
DAD: And I've told you, it's not safe. Any road, we couldn't turn you out. Not so close to the holiday. We'll see you get an early tram.
NYSSA: But it's not really like that.
YVONNE: (whistles) Trillerby's still not singing properly.
FRANK: Stupid bird.
YVONNE: He used to pick up songs just like that. (whistles) Come on, Trillerby.
NYSSA: What sort of bird is he?
YVONNE: Trillerby mark two. But he's got a bit worn out.
NYSSA: Oh.I thought he was real.
FRANK: Real?
YVONNE: He is real, Frank. Half and half. Just a bit rusty, that's all.
NYSSA: Yes. Of course.
DAD: Now, Nyssa, you're not grand, are you? Only if you're technically minded
NISSA What is it?
DAD: The chest box, you see. Plays up something chronic at night.
NYSSA: If it's medical, my friend's a Doctor
DAD: Not medical. Just a bit of technical jiggery pokery. And I thought maybe
NYSSA: Can I see? Hold still.
DAD: Not something I'd bother the Sisterman with.
NYSSA: It's a bit primitive. Do you have a screwdriver?
(Knocking on door.)
YVONNE: Oh, no.
DAD: (sotto) Frank, quick. Turn on the telly.
MRS GINSBERG [OC]: Please, help me! Help! Let me in!
NYSSA: Who is it?
MRS GINSBERG [OC]: Mister Hartley?
DAD: Well, it's not carol singers. Just don't answer.
YVONNE: It's Mrs Ginsberg.

NYSSA: But we can't ignore her.
DAD: Louder, Frank.
MRS GINSBERG [OC]: Help! Let me in!
DAD: Daft woman. That's what happens if you're out after dark.
NYSSA: I've got to help her.
YVONNE: Nyssa, come back,
(The banging and shouting stops.)
TV: Committee. At this time, our holiday, we send our thanks to the
DAD: She's gone. Turn it off, lad.
NYSSA: I don't understand. What's happened to her?
YVONNE: Don't touch the curtains.
NYSSA: Why are the windows boarded up?
(Marching feet.)
YVONNE: Listen. The patrols.
DAD: Quiet. Must be the police.
FRANK: I said she shouldn't stay.
NYSSA: What is it? I don't want to get you in trouble.
DAD: Whole bloomin' convoy of them. On manoeuvres at this time of night? Now what are they playing at?
YVONNE: Dad.
DAD: Well, we don't want to know, do we? It's not our business. Put the kettle on, Frank, and then there's the holiday decorations to put up.

(Trucks pass by.)
DOCTOR: Mister Dodd?
DODD: Strewth!
DOCTOR: Are you following me?
DODD: Oh, Doctor. You gave the old paddles a turn. Didn't know we were going the same way home.
DOCTOR: What a coincidence. I was heading for the picturehouse when these trucks appeared.
DODD: Watch it!
(Another vehicle passes.)
DOCTOR: That was some sort of mechanical digger. Something's going on under the cover of darkness, yes?
DODD: Oh, yes. Never seen so many police. The whole area's cordoned off, right down to the North Stalagstacks.
DOCTOR: And?
DODD: Word is they're levelling the area for new parade grounds.
(Another vehicle.)
DOCTOR: So many of them. Let's take a look.
DODD: You can't. You'll never get through.
DOCTOR: Don't say you don't know a back route, Mister Dodd. If the trucks are going in empty, what'll they be bringing out? It won't be tea and cakes, that's for certain.

DAD: Here we are then. One tree.
YVONNE: Phwaor. Dad!
DAD: Aye, well, maybe it has seen better days. But with a few baubles and a bit of tinsel. What d'you think, Nyssa?
NYSSA: It'll be like the tree in the square. What about your chest unit? Is it better?
DAD: Humming along a treat now. You're a tonic, lass. Thank you.
FRANK: I can't do homework with all this going on.
DAD: Then come and help with the washing up.
FRANK: Aw.
YVONNE: Good riddance to bad rubbish.
FRANK: Yeah. Just don't nick all the baubles for earrings.
YVONNE: Take no notice. Brothers are like that.
NYSSA: So I gather.
YVONNE: You'll be glad to get back to your family for the holiday.
NYSSA: Yes, I'd really like that.
YVONNE: Oh, look. Here's the star for the top. I suppose you have a really posh tree at home.
NYSSA: Well, not really. Not like this. But at our autumn festival, when the leaves were turning amber, we'd hang all the trees in the garden with paper lanterns. And all the fruits, all purple and red, were carried in on silver panniers. And the people would sing at the gates. And then we'd have the battle. People and Consuls pelting each other with fruit. That was the best bit. It was so undignified.
YVONNE: A whole garden of trees? The only real trees are in the hydrohouse where I work. And the lit-up one in Committee Palace Square, of course.
NYSSA: Sorry, Yvonne. I like to imagine things.
YVONNE: Me too. I just want us all to be together again. Mum and Dad. Even Frank.
NYSSA: Yes. mother and father, and the Doctor too.
YVONNE: Don't worry about your friend.

NYSSA: I was thinking about that poor woman out there.
YVONNE: Taken into care, I expect. The Committee does whatever's for the best. Oh, look. It's Matty. He's been missing for ages.
NYSSA: What is it?
YVONNE: He's my mat. He must have been hibernating in the decorations box.
NYSSA: But it's a metal worm.
YVONNE: Didn't you ever have one? They were the latest craze, ages ago. Matty? Come on, wake up. Matty?
NYSSA: It's alive, isn't it? Half machine.
YVONNE: Dad got him for me. Catching them's what he does. The mats that got away and go wild.
NYSSA: (He's a mat-catcher?
YVONNE: Yep. Matty? Come on
(Bit of a beep.)
YVONNE: No, he's not right.
NYSSA: Can I see? Perhaps I can fix him for you.

(Climing wooden steps.)
DODD: Up here's the church tower's clock room.
DOCTOR: The Church of Former-Day Souls. I'm right behind you, Mister Dodd.
DODD: This is it. Hey, mind the workings in the dark.
DOCTOR: These cogs are like mill-wheels. It's quite a view, though. If it was light.
DODD: In daytime, you could see all the City from the bell tower, before the church got abandoned.
DOCTOR: Like the picturehouse. Ah the old temples of worship closing. Now, what are they up to down there?
DODD: Levelling the area. I told you.
DOCTOR: Without touching the buildings? No, I think their purpose is far more specific.
DODD: Why? What else could they possibly be? Blimey, Doctor. They're digging up the graveyard.
(Slow footsteps on stairs.)
DOCTOR: Careful. We have company.
POLICEMAN:: Do not move. You are recognised escapees and are required for adjudication.

FRANK: She didn't eat much. Just picked at it. All our rations for the holiday going to waste.
DAD: We'll manage. Pass that dish.
FRANK: You know what's happening, don't you? The manoeuvres, Dad. It's the final push. The work crews are on the verge of breaking through to the surface.
DAD: You know what I think about that. It's a long way off. If ever.
(Women's laughter nearby.)
FRANK: Dad?
DAD: Yes, Frankie.
FRANK: I want to join up. There's no point in waiting for the call-up papers. I want to be in there now, when the breakthrough comes. I want to see the sky and not go mad.
DAD: That's very heroic, son. But you know the answer.
FRANK: I'm not too young! And I'd send home my pay.
DAD: And we'd never see you again.
FRANK: That's not true.
DAD: Name one person we know who's come back from the work crews. Tom Reynolds? The Chang twins? I don't want to be proud of a black-bordered telegram with sympathy from the Central Committee. I want my son here.
NYSSA: Mister Hartley? Yvonne and I thought
FRANK: Eric Krailford's joining up.
YVONNE: Eric? That's not true.
DAD: Yvonne.
YVONNE: Eric wouldn't.
DAD: Course it's not true.
FRANK: It is true!
YVONNE: He wouldn't go. (coughs) He wouldn't.
NYSSA: Yvonne?
DAD: Vonnie. Come on, love.
NYSSA: What's the matter with her?
YVONNE: It's just my pills. I'll be fine.
DAD: There you are, sweetheart. Gently now.
FRANK: What about me? You never listen to me! You look after strangers and give them our rations. And nothing's left now from what you got when you sold Mum!
DAD: Frank!
(Door slams.)
DAD: Nyssa, I'm so sorry.
NYSSA: No, please. Yvonne's more important.
YVONNE: I'm much better already.
DAD: That's right.

NYSSA: Mister Hartley, I'm going now. I've caused enough trouble.
YVONNE: Oh Nyssa, no.
NYSSA: You mustn't stop me. I can look after myself.
DAD: I feel, well, it's not good enough.
NYSSA: I'm putting you all in danger. I'll speak to my friend, the Doctor. And we'll bring you some food to make up for what you've given me. But I must go. You've all been so kind
(Banging at door.)
YVONNE: (sotto) Police.
DAD: (sotto) Vonnie, into your room. Take Nyssa.
YVONNE: Through the back bedroom. Quickly!
DAD: I'll hold them up as long as I can.

POLICEMAN:: This area is restricted to civilians.
DOCTOR: Why? What aren't we supposed to see?
POLICEMAN:: You are recognised criminals required for adjudication by the Committee.
DODD: Leg it, Doctorl
DOCTOR: Ow!
POLICEMAN:: You are under arrest.
DOCTOR: Twice in one day? I think not. Mister Dodd, Thomas, help me.
POLICEMAN: Do not resist.
(Chain rattles.)
DODD: I got him.
(Thud. The Policeman cries out.)
DOCTOR: Look out!
(The Policeman is ground between the cogwheels, presumably.)
DOCTOR: Thomas, give me a hand with these ropes.
DODD: I can't think. He was. And then, and then you. Who are you?
DOCTOR: Please. The bell ropes. Gather as many as you can.
DODD: Here.
DOCTOR: Now, if we wind them round the pendulum, and let the cog wheels take up the slack.
DODD: Digging up the graveyard. It's disgusting, that's what it is. That is going too far.
DOCTOR: Thomas, how do you see the future of this city in, oh, five years' time?
DODD: Sorry, mate. I've a business to run. I don't do philosophy.
DOCTOR: You've never bothered to think past your own front counter, but you better had, because this city's heading for a very nasty future indeed.
(Clock bell begins to strike the hours.)
DOCTOR: And that thing lying there, that travesty that was once a human being, is part of it. I don't know how long it'll take. I'm not even sure I want to stop it. But I can give you a wake-up call. Because it's up to you, not me, to change things and stop this horror once and for all. Fourth bong.

DAD: All right. Wait, will you?
(Door unbolted. Chimes heard in distance.)
DAD: I've got a poorly daughter, you know. What do you lot want?
POLICEMAN:: This household is hiding a stranger.
DAD: Oh, it is, is it?
POLICEMAN:: All reports must be checked.
DAD: There's no privacy these days. Not even in your own home.
POLICEMAN:: This apartment is registered for three occupants. Search the premises.

DAD [OC]: Now hold on a minute.
(Back door opened.)
YVONNE: Go on, Nyssa. There's no one in the alley.
NYSSA: Yvonne, I'm sorry.
YVONNE: Thanks for helping Dad. Here. Take this.
NYSSA: Matty?
YVONNE: Just take it. It's yours.
NYSSA: But
YVONNE: We'll be all right. Go on. Go!

(China breaks.)
DAD: Mind that vase! Automated ruffians. That was my wife's, Argh!
POLICEMAN:: Where is the intruder?
FRANK: Leave my dad alone! She's in the back room.
DAD: No, Frank.
FRANK: Through there.
YVONNE: Frank, how could you!
POLICEMAN: Hold her.
(Yvonne cries out.)
FRANK: Not her, she's my sister! In the back room.

(Policemen clomp away.)
YVONNE: How could you?
FRANK: They were hurting Dad.
DAD: Has Nyssa gone?
YVONNE: Yeah.
DAD: Good. Now, what'll they do with the rest of us?
(The bell is still ringing.)
YVONNE: What's that? Can you hear it?
DAD: The church? That's the bell in the old tower. It's not rung for years
YVONNE: But what does it mean? Is it a warning?

(Hubbub of people.)
DOCTOR: Can I get past, please? Thank you. Thanks.
NYSSA: Doctor, thank goodness.
DOCTOR: Nyssa. Well done for getting back here. Sorry to keep you waiting.
NYSSA: There's lots of people all of a sudden.
DOCTOR: Yes, that's the idea. Come on, into the Tardis.

NYSSA: I knew this wasn't Earth.
DOCTOR: Yes. But I just had to make sure this was the planet I thought it was. Before
NYSSA: Before what?
(Tardis door closes.)
DOCTOR: Before I take us away from here.
NYSSA: No, Doctor. You can't do that.
DOCTOR: You heard that bell. It's a reveille, to wake people up. And once they see what's going on, they can take control of their own destiny.
NYSSA: No, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Please don’t argue. I am not staying. I know this place’s future.
NYSSA: So do I.
DOCTOR: What?
NYSSA: It's obvious. And horrible too. One day the people of this city will become the Cybermen. It's already happening.
DOCTOR: Yes. Yes, this is Mondas. Earth's long-lost twin planet. And I can't interfere with its future.
NYSSA: But there aren't Cybermen yet.
DOCTOR: Not yet, but soon.
NYSSA: We can stop it before it goes too far.
DOCTOR: No! If anyone changes the future of Mondas, it must be the people themselves. If we're discovered here, then the whole future of the galaxy will be unbalanced, and we'll be to blame.

CYBERMAN: Police patrols report a disturbance in the city. Hostile intruders have been observed.
(A Cybermind mulls the phrases over.)
COMMITTEE: The Committee is agreed. Insurgency must be crushed. Find the intruders and eliminate them immediately.

[Part Two]

DOCTOR: Nyssa, the people of Mondas must decide their future for themselves.
NYSSA: But they're suffering terribly. They're good people, and some of them are sick. I've promised to help.
DOCTOR: What?
NYSSA: I have to, Doctor. And if you won't get involved, then I must stay behind and do it by myself.
DOCTOR: Nyssa? Where are you going?
NYSSA: To get my things.
DOCTOR: No! Nyssa. You're being unreasonable.
NYSSA: Am I? I want to give those people some hope. I want to stop the Cybermen from coming into existence.
DOCTOR: Yes, very laudable, but you can't do it on your own. You're not an army. You can't turn the whole of history round on a sixpence.
NYSSA: I've seen you do it.
DOCTOR: Not in this case. If we stop one history, we only replace it with another, probably equally as bad. Believe me, I know.
NYSSA: And what have you been doing? What about your wake-up call?
DOCTOR: Look, the Cybermen's future is infamous across the Galaxy: Earth's twin planet wandering out of its orbit. Its dwindling population, already millennia ahead of Earth technologically, gradually replacing bodily organs with manufactured parts, all in a final desperate bid to avoid extinction.
NYSSA: Until they finally replace their own consciousness with the cold precision of machine logic.
DOCTOR: The cold logic that snuffs out the spark in people. I'm not even sure they are people by the end. They're just so many tinned left-overs.

DOCTOR [OC]: I think I'd rather lose all my other lives than become a Cyberman.
NYSSA [OC]: The people I met were actually very kind.
(Matty starts burbling.)
DOCTOR [OC]: Yes, yes, I'm sure. But you must see the infinity of Time and Space is all laid out like a huge game of consequences.

DOCTOR: Sometimes you play, sometimes you sit on the sideline. Sometimes you run on afterwards with a stretcher.
NYSSA: Yes, we've had this discussion before. A pity that didn't occur to you when it came to sacrificing Adric.
DOCTOR: Ah. Yes, Adric. So much that never gets said. Bound to boil over sooner or later.
NYSSA: Excuse me, I have some things to sort out.
DOCTOR: Yes. Er, I'll be waiting.

(Crowds shouting, the bell still ringing.)
POLICEMAN: Clear these streets. Return to your homes. There is nothing to see. You are breaking the curfew.
CITIZEN: Leave the graves alone!
CITIZEN 2: You bloody ghouls! Leave them in peace!
POLICEMAN: Return to your homes. Entrance to the area is prohibited by the Central Committee.
CONSTANT: Captain.
POLICEMAN: Sisterman Constant.
CONSTANT: What's happening? Who started the bell?
POLICEMAN: Unnamed intruders have been observed.
CONSTANT: I reported a stranger myself.
(The bell stops. The crowd quietens a bit.)
CONSTANT: Well, thank the sky above for that.
POLICEMAN: The Central Committee advises that force may be employed to disperse the crowd.
CONSTANT: Do they indeed? Then you'd better get on with it.
POLICEMAN: First squad advance.
(Whips cracking.)
POLICEMEN: Get back. Get back.

NYSSA: Doctor?
DOCTOR: Nyssa.
NYSSA: I'm sorry, Doctor. I didn't mean it. Not in that way. I just realised what this place is. And what it means. And Adric
DOCTOR: Poor Adric. We never really stopped to mourn him.I suppose on Traken there are profound and beautiful ceremonies to honour fallen heroes.
NYSSA: But they'd seem out of place here. The family I met, the Hartleys, had very little to live on. Everything's rationed by some sort of Central Committee. I just want to take them some food.
DOCTOR: Yes, the Committee again. Yes. Yes, of course you must. I can wait.
NYSSA: Thank you.
(Enter console room.)
DOCTOR: There are signs of Cybertechnology everywhere. Even the police horses. More machine than animal.
NYSSA: Oh, I forgot. Yvonne gave me something.
DOCTOR: What's that?
NYSSA: Where is it? It's too big to just disappear.
DOCTOR: What was it like?
NYSSA: It was her pet. But it was half machine too. Like a silver worm.
DOCTOR: (furious) A Cybermat? You brought a Cybermat into my Tardis?

ALLAN: (a woman) Nurse! Patient six seven!
NURSE: (a man) Yes, Doctorman Allan.
ALLAN: His pulmonary unit's rejecting. Switch to auto-backup before his logic walls go down. And give him a shot of morphine.
(The patient is in pain.)
ALLAN: Hold him! Hurry. He'll drown in his own plasma. Oh, give me that.
(The patient goes quiet.)
ALLAN: Damn!
NURSE: Sorry, Doctor.
ALLAN: Just clear it away. I need a drink.
CONSTANT: Good evening, doctorman.
ALLAN: Sisterman Constant. You're back from recruiting early. Bring your reports into the office.
CONSTANT: I see we've lost another crewman.

(Door opens.)
ALLAN: That's the third back from the surface in two days.

(Door closes.)
ALLAN: The processing won't stabilise. They barely survive a week out there. Drink?
CONSTANT: No, thank you. Are you sure *you* should? Doctorman, your staff are exhausted.
ALLAN: What do you expect? We're working all hours with no resources, but the Committee just demands more and more. We need to stop everything and rethink.
CONSTANT: You know there's been trouble in the city.
ALLAN: What sort of trouble?
CONSTANT: Nearly a riot.
ALLAN: You're joking.
CONSTANT: Someone set off the bell in the old church. Right beside the dig.
ALLAN: Now there's a surprise.
CONSTANT: Really, doctorman.
ALLAN: That's the funniest thing I've heard in months. I hope they call the whole disgusting project off. As if dead bones will help. Who did it anyway?
CONSTANT: The Police don't know. But I saw a strange girl with some of my patients. And there are reports of others too.
ALLAN: In what way strange?
CONSTANT: I didn't know her. And she certainly had no papers. That's why I reported her.
ALLAN: But what was she like?
CONSTANT: Very healthy looking. Well dressed and fed. No pallor.
ALLAN: No one is well fed. Perhaps *she* was a rabble-rouser.
CONSTANT: It seems logical. No doubt the Police will round them all up.
(Bing bong)
COMMITTEE [OC]: Doctor Allan. You are required in the Central Committee chamber.
ALLAN: Now what? Take over the ward, Constant.
CONSTANT: Yes, doctor.
ALLAN: No, it's absurd. How can strangers possibly exist?
CONSTANT: Hadn't you better go?
ALLAN: When I'm ready, thank you, Sisterman. Sure I can't tempt you? Just a little glass?
CONSTANT: I think I had better get to the ward.
(Door opens, footsteps, door closes.)
ALLAN: I think I'd better get to the ward. Creep. Strangers. Switchboard? Put me through to the surveillance department.

NYSSA: Doctor, any luck?
DOCTOR: No.
NYSSA: It must be somewhere. It can't have got out.
DOCTOR: Obviously.
NYSSA: I'm sure Mister Hartley would help. He's a mat-catcher.
DOCTOR: They're that much of a pest, are they?
(An alarm sounds.)
NYSSA: What's that?
DOCTOR: Console room.

(Running.)
DOCTOR: The console's on fire!
(Fire extinguisher.)
DOCTOR: That should hold it.
(Another alarm.)
NYSSA: What now?
DOCTOR: Energy leak. It's going to blow. Nyssa, the isolator fail-safe!
NYSSA: It's jammed!
DOCTOR: Hit it!
(Thump. The alarm stops.)
DOCTOR: Ah, there you are. Your Cybermat's got into the console stem.
NYSSA: Is it dead?
DOCTOR: Burnt out. It's gnawed right into the energy conduit.
NYSSA: Doctor, I'm truly sorry. We must have spares. I could mend the console for you.
DOCTOR: It's not a bicycle puncture. No, I'm sorry too. Please take a look. You're good at this sort of thing. I'm going out for some fresh air.
(Tardis door opens.)

COMMITTEE: Doctorman Allan.
ALLAN: I'm busy. What do you need now?
COMMITTEE: Power resources are low. Soon life in the city will be unsustainable.
ALLAN: You mean *human* life.
COMMITTEE: You must work faster.
ALLAN: Impossible. My staff are dropping already, and the death rate's increasing on the work crews.
COMMITTEE: More surgical material will be provided.

ALLAN: More bones from the graveyards? I a m running a transplant unit here. Not a back-street butchers with second-hand organs fitted under the counter.
COMMITTEE: Processing must increase.
ALLAN: The people are weak. We need time to optimise the ratio of technology to biology.
(The voices of the Committee talk over each other.)
COMMITTEE: The Committee disagrees. Processing rates will be increased. The city uses too many vital resources. It will be shut down.
ALLAN: Well, that's insane!
COMMITTEE: Sacrifices must be made.
ALLAN: Why? What's happened? What can possibly be more important than saving people?
COMMITTEE: We must survive.

(A Cybermat goes quiet as the Tardis door opens.)
DOCTOR: Oh. Hello. What are you doing out here?
(Cybermat sounds.)
DOCTOR: Oh no, you don't!
(Tardis door slammed shut.)
DOCTOR: No more Cybermats in my Tardis. Go on, shoo, Quite unlike

DOCTOR [OC]: The domestic version, aren't you? Snazzy black-painted shell. Customised for official snooping business, I expect.

FRANK: Careful of him. Watch out!
(Cybermat noise.)
DOCTOR: You startled him.
FRANK: That is a Mark Twelve Surveillance model. The Committee uses them. You don't see many about.
DOCTOR: Then I suppose I should count myself lucky. How do you do? I'm, I'm the Doctor.
FRANK: Doctor?
DOCTOR: Hmm. Quiet, isn't it? I'd half-hoped for a riot.
FRANK: Do you know a girl called Nyssa?
DOCTOR: Is your name Hartley? Father a mat-catcher?
FRANK: Yeah, I'm Frank Hartley.
DOCTOR: Thank you for looking after her, Frank. I hope she wasn't too much trouble.
FRANK: What? Before or after the police came for her?
DOCTOR: Police? She never mentioned police.
FRANK: So, where's Nyssa?
DOCTOR: You'll find her in here.
(Tardis door opens.)
DOCTOR: Go on, straight through.
FRANK: In there? But it's
DOCTOR: Nyssa will be delighted to explain the dimensional anomaly. I have a call to make. Tell her I'll be back later. Good morning.

FRANK: Strewth!
NYSSA: Frank? How did you get in?
FRANK: The Doctor. Is this place? We're underground, aren't we, somehow.
NYSSA: No. It's a dimensional anomaly.
FRANK: That's what he said. I heard the Committee Palace was like this.
NYSSA: Why are you here, Frank? What did the police do?
FRANK: Turned over the house. Questioned us for hours over who you were. Then they broke a few things and left.
NYSSA: I'm sorry. I didn't mean to cause trouble.
FRANK: Then, first post, this official letter arrived.
NYSSA: Yes?
FRANK: Call-up papers for Yvonne.
NYSSA: What does that mean?
FRANK: Call-up for the work crews. That's why the Sisterman visited. Picking out likely recruits.
NYSSA: I don't understand. When does she go?
FRANK: Gone already. Said it was her duty.
NYSSA: Your poor father. He and Yvonne were so kind.
FRANK: Never seen Dad so cut up. Keeps saying we'll never see her again. He asked me to find you.
NYSSA: Me? Frank, I hope you understand why your father is so distressed. I know how I felt when my dear father went away.
FRANK: What about me? How come it's Yvonne that has all the luck?

COMMITTEE 1: Does Doctorman Allan understand her task?
COMMITTEE 2 She still has an illogical mind.
COMMITTEE 1: A weakness she refuses to relinquish.

COMMITTEE 2: She is skilled and must be trusted. She now understands the threat that may destroy us all.
(Beeping.)
COMMITTEE 1: Disturbances in the city have been subdued. Two police casualties occurred.
COMMITTEE 2: The disturbance was a threat. Was it caused by the reported strangers?
COMMITTEE 1: One stranger is under observation. He may lead us to more.

DOCTOR [OC]:Ah, hello? Does your tram go past a shop or emporium run by one Thomas Dodd?
ALLAN: Dodd? That old hack.
(Liquid poured into glass.)
DOCTOR [OC]: Money? Er, well, no, not exactly.
(Knock at door. Click.)
ALLAN: What?
(Door opens.)
CONSTANT: Doctorman Allan. Your light was on.
ALLAN: Morning already, Constant?
CONSTANT: I've recruits due in for processing.
ALLAN: They won't mind waiting. Here, have a glass of wine.
CONSTANT: No, thank you.
ALLAN: Please yourself. Happy holiday.
(She's already slightly drunk.)
CONSTANT: And your meeting with the Committee?
ALLAN: Did they ever offer you augmentation?
CONSTANT: We sistermen rely on our own disciplines.
ALLAN: Oh, how abstemious.
CONSTANT: Is that what they offered you? Augmentation?
ALLAN: Think of the benefits. Increased efficiency. Clear thinking. No more endless fatigue.
CONSTANT: But full processing is only for the work crews up on the surface.
ALLAN: They're upping the processing quotas.
CONSTANT: What? But why?
ALLAN: That data is secure. Processing for everyone. That's where it'll end.
CONSTANT: What do they mean? I'm a Selector.
ALLAN: No one's exempt. Go on, forget your vows. Have a drink. Purely medicinal.
CONSTANT: What happens to my job if they process everyone? What are they thinking?
ALLAN: You'd better tell the other sisters.
CONSTANT: I will.
(Footsteps. Door opens and closes.)
ALLAN: (laughs) Good morning, Sisterman.
(Click.)
DOCTOR [OC]: Stop! Pull over! You're losing your cargo!
ALLAN: Time to take a proper look at our stranger, I think

(Truck stops.)
DOCTOR: Your cargo, it's all along the road.
POLICEMAN: You are recognised. An intruder.
DOCTOR: No, no, no, no. Your cargo. Look. All these stacks of bones.
POLICEMAN: They are secure.
DOCTOR: Not for long.
(Straps released, bones clatter, Policeman cries out.)
DOCTOR: Thanks for your help.
(Truck door shuts, drives away.)
POLICEMAN: Emergency. Carrier Unit three stolen by intruder. Travelling south up Second Street. Intercept immediately.

FRANK: When will the Doctor be back?
NYSSA: He didn't say, Frank. Hold this,
FRANK: I thought maybe you'd both come to see Dad.
NYSSA: You said your Dad asked you to find us.
FRANK: I just don't know what he'll do, see.
NYSSA: Now I have to get this cabling duct to reseal itself You know it was Yvonne's Cybermat that damaged this conduit in the first place.
FRANK: What? Old Matty?
NYSSA: Yes. She gave it to me.
FRANK: They go for cables. Under the pavements. The energy attracts them.
NYSSA: Good. That's sealing nicely.
FRANK: When she went
NYSSA: Yvonne?
FRANK: Yeah. The whole apartment block turned out to wave her off, like a hero.
NYSSA: And you think that should have been you?

FRANK: Course I do. It's typical, that is.
(Console powers up.)
NYSSA: Right. I think that should hold. That'll cheer the Doctor up.
FRANK: I don't understand this place.
NYSSA: Frank? The call-up? Does it involve some sort of processing?
FRANK: Augmentation.
NYSSA: I thought so. So there's no way to get Yvonne back.
FRANK: I wish.
(Small alarm sounds.)
FRANK: What's that?
NYSSA: On the screen.
FRANK: So many of them. It's a swarm.
NYSSA: Cybermats, all over the outside of the Tardis.

CONSTANT: Bless you. Bless you all. Keep in line there.
ALLAN: Constant, I'm leaving you in charge. I have an errand.
CONSTANT: Down in the city?
ALLAN: Just keep them moving. We've enough staff to cope with the processing.
CONSTANT: If you say so.
(Yvonne is coughing.)
CONSTANT: Back in line, please.
YVONNE: Sisterman Constant?
CONSTANT: Yvonne? Back in line, dear.
YVONNE: They took my clothes. When do we get our uniforms? I wanted my Dad to see before I go.
ALLAN: She what? (laughs) Oh, you'll get your uniform all right.
CONSTANT: It's er, just a routine check-up, Yvonne. Just stay in line. Heaven bless you now.
YVONNE: Thank you, sisterman.
ALLAN: There's a sickly one.
CONSTANT: Acute consumptive. I'd only give her two months if she didn't go for processing.
ALLAN: We live in a pit, Constant. The dark times are getting darker. I must go.
CONSTANT: Move on. Keep going. Bless you all. Bless you. Bless you all. Keep in line.

COMMITTEE 1: The City is a drain on resources.
COMMITTEE 2: We must survive.
COMMITTEE 1: Shut down the city.
COMMITTEE 2: All resources must be processed.
COMMITTEE 1: All threats to efficiency must be eliminated.
COMMITTEE 2: Zheng must be summoned.
(Beeping.)
COMMITTEE: Agreed. No more dissension will be tolerated. The police will apprehend the stranger. If he resists, he will be destroyed.
COMMITTEE 1: Incoming Communication from Surface Commander Zheng.
COMMITTEE: Zheng. Zheng, Zheng.
ZHENG: [OC] (Cyberman) Mondas is entering the region of unstable space in advance of estimated time. Request to implement emergency strategy immediately.
(Alarm sounds.)
COMMITTEE 2: Summon Doctorman Allan.
COMMITTEE 1: Allan has left the Palace.
COMMITTEE 2: She is no longer reliable. Delay emergency strategy. Summon Commander Zheng from the surface.
COMMITTEE: Zheng. Zheng, Zheng. Zheng. Zheng will restore order.

DODD: I don't care, Mister Hartley. I don't keep a slate.
DAD: Come on, Dodd. My arm's a bit dodgy, but it'll mend. The rest of me's fine.
DODD: Apart from the heart box.
DAD: I'm giving you everything, for God's sake, as security. You gave us credit when my wife passed away.
DODD: I never speak ill of the departed. Your Mabel was quality and that is a fact. She did well for me.
DAD: But I'm shop-soiled. I've got a lad to feed. My wife and daughter gone.
(Shop door bell.)
DOCTOR: Good morning.
BOTH: Back of the queue.
DAD: What do you say, Dodd? Please.
(Door closes.)
DODD: No credit. Finito.
DAD: Nothing then. Nothing left.
DOCTOR: Sorry to intrude, but
DODD: Look, I said to you, back of the queue.
DOCTOR: Which queue exactly?

DODD: Doctor! It's you. Well, that makes all the difference.
DOCTOR: Your queue went. Rather rapidly, once they heard about a beetroot truck spilling its load a couple of streets away.
DODD: Oh, very good. So what are you after now?
DAD: Doctor? You're a friend of young Nyssa?
DOCTOR: Nyssa? Yes. You must be Mister Hartley. You were very kind to her.
DAD: She did a grand job on my chest box. She'll make a good doctor, too.
DOCTOR: Really?
DAD: They're digging up the graveyards, you know. Glad I didn't put my wife in there.
(Shop door bell.)
DODD: Thank you, Mister Hartley. The Doctor's here to see me.
DOCTOR: Yes, but
DAD: No, don't mind me. I'll be pushing off.
(Door closed and locked.)
DOCTOR: Is he all right?
DODD: Scroungers. Always on the make. Your riot didn't turn out too well either.
DOCTOR: No. But I don't give up. That wasn't really a beetroot truck. The contents of the graveyard are now scattered right up the High Street for everyone to see. Oh, don't worry, I parked as far away from your shop as possible.
DODD: Doctor, what do you want?

FRANK: They're all over. They'll find any crack and dig their way in.
NYSSA: The Tardis's outer shell is built to stand up to far greater pressures than a swarm of Cybermats.
FRANK: But we can't get out either.
NYSSA: They must be after the energy flow.
FRANK: They can smell it a mile off.
NYSSA: Frank. Did you shut the outer door when you came in?
FRANK: Well, I dunno.
NYSSA: Otherwise we're going to be overrun.
(Cybermats.)
FRANK: The door!

DODD: The Committee Palace? You must be joking.
DOCTOR: I wish I was. I could do with a good laugh.
DODD: It's a fortress. Those massive gates.
DOCTOR: Gates are for opening. And I have to know how far they've gone.
DODD: Who?
DOCTOR: Your competition. The Committee. And while we're on the subject of spare parts.
DODD: Here, that's private. You come out of there.
DOCTOR: Oh, really, Thomas. I thought you'd have had better storage facilities.
DODD: They're all vacuum packed for freshness. The real perishables are in the cold store. A full range of bodily organs, limbs, all sizes qne colours

DODD [OC]: And creeds.
DOCTOR [OC]: Mothers frighten their children to sleep with tales of people like you.
DODD [OC]: It's *business*. Trouble is demand's on the slide. People, I mean, even people with terminal injuries and blood running across the floor.
(Cybermat sound.)

DODD: All they want is titanium and plastic. Huh. They think it'll last.
DOCTOR: It's durable.
(Sealed container opened.)
DODD: I think it's just plain ugly. Some have got so much it drives them crazy, So they have their emotions surgically removed too. We all want immortality, don't we? But with a chrome finish?
DOCTOR: This cold store needs defrosting.
DODD: Course, what I need is fresh supplies. And then you came along.
DOCTOR: Now just a minute
DODD: Well, that's just too good to waste.
DOCTOR: Thomas!
(Cold store closed with the Doctor inside.)
DODD: Sorry, Doctor. I just froze your assets.

FRANK: They're trying to get through the door!
NYSSA: If they're after the energy
FRANK: Then shut if off, why don't you? Go on.
NYSSA: No. If they want the energy, then we should give it to them.
FRANK: What?
NYSSA: It's what killed the other one.

FRANK: Oh, right. Yeah, well, that's what Dad does. Like the Cheeser.
NYSSA: If I can just re-route the power to the Tardis's outer shell.
FRANK: Hurry!
NYSSA: All right. Stand clear.
(Crackling of energy. Clatter of dead Cybermats falling to the ground.)
FRANK: It worked. Amazing.
NYSSA: Not really. But it was worryingly satisfying.
FRANK: Yeah? Are we going now?
NYSSA: We can't wait for the Doctor. I'll get some food, and then we'll go and find your poor father.

YVONNE: (coughing) Dad? Where are you? Please, I want to go home. Please. Dad?
(Clatter of metal.)
YVONNE: (scared) Who are you? What are you doing to me?
CYBERMAN: You will join us. We are the future.
YVONNE: No! Please, no. (recedes) Please. Help. Help me. Please.
(Whirring sounds.)

DOCTOR: (shivering) Ambient temperature minus eight degrees Celsius. Must keep moving. I'll never be facetious about a strawberry mivvie again.
(Beep.)
DOCTOR: Ah, my little cybermatic friend. Still in hot pursuit. I use the phrase advisedly. That'll teach you.
(Beep.)
DOCTOR: Well, too cold to wriggle, eh? Let's see how sensitive your defences really are, before whoever sent you comes to collect.

(Banging on door.)
DODD: All right, all right. Mind my door.
(Glass breaks. Shop bell rings.)
POLICEMAN: Thomas Dodd? You are harbouring a stranger.
DODD: You took your time. He, he put up quite a struggle.
POLICEMAN: Where is he?
DODD: Gone out the back like a bleeding greyhound.
POLICEMAN: Search. Find the cold storage area.
DODD: Hang on, hang on Where's your warrant?
POLICEMAN: Open this door.
DODD: Leave that alone. It's highly er, specialised
POLICEMAN: Open it.
DODD: Oh, no. No, you don't
(Sealed door opens.)
DOCTOR: Ah. How do you do? I'm the (pause) stranger. So, take me to your Cyberleader.
POLICEMAN: Destroy him.
DOCTOR: Sorry. Not yet!
(Something hits the Policeman, who cries out.)
POLICEMAN: Stop him. Stop him

DOCTOR: (breathless) Never a tram when you want one. Which way? (horse snorts) Ah. (hoof beats) Clean out of sugar lumps. Hello, horse. Out of fireworks too.
(Horse neighs.)
DOCTOR: Temper. What's the matter, bridle too tight? All those implants biting into your head and your limbs? You have a hard life. The whips are cruel, the feed's old and stale. The stable floor's hard under hoof. But if we get that bridle off, you can sleep properly. And dream. Dream like a real horse, wild, galloping where the ground's soft between the open sky and the sweet blowing grass.
(Neigh, thud.)
ALLAN: Stop! Captain! Call off your horse!
POLICEMAN: Stand down. Stand away.
ALLAN: I'm taking charge of the prisoner.
POLICEMAN: The Committee instructed us
ALLAN: I have powers to requisition prisoners for medical research. Escort him to my unit.
DOCTOR: How do you do? I'm much obliged to you.
ALLAN: Bring Dodd too. And have his filthy stock burnt. Smile, Captain. It's a holiday.
DOCTOR: He can barely manage a rictus grin. That's the trouble with too much plastic surgery.
ALLAN: Really? Take him away.

DAD: There we are.
FRANK: Dad? We're back. I've brought Nyssa.
DAD: Kettle's on, Frankie. What do you reckon on the tree? Bit more tinsel? Happy holiday Nyssa.
NYSSA: And to you. I brought some provisions.
DAD: That's kind. I saw your friend. Seemed like an amiable chap.

NYSSA: The Doctor?
DAD: At Dodd's.
FRANK: What were you doing there?
DAD: Er, can't remember
NYSSA: Who's Dodd?
FRANK: Bad news.
NYSSA: Frank, I have to find the Doctor.
DAD: Oh. Look, on the telly. What's that?
FRANK: Dunno. Turn the sound up.
TV COMMENTATOR: First time we can show you these outfits. Designed to protect courageous workers against the extreme freezing conditions on the surface in the propulsion factories.
FRANK: Surface? They're not on the surface yet.
TV COMMENTATOR: (under dialogue) Months of research have gone into the creation of these space-age marvels. Surgeon-General Doctorman Christine Allan, who designed the suits, is seen here being congratulated by Surface Commander Zheng at a special reception from the Central Advisory Committee brought back man's greatest endeavour. Months of research have gone into the creation of these space ages marvels
DAD: Blimey, look at him. Talk about extreme. Poor old Vonnie. She won't like wearing those.
NYSSA: They're not protection suits. Those are fully processed Cybermen.
FRANK: Who?
(Whistling kettle).
DAD: Kettle's boiling.
(Power cut.)
NYSSA: What's happening?
DAD: Oh. Power cut. Just when I got the lights up.
(Boom!)

CONSTANT: Emergency generators. Get the back-up generators running!
NURSE: Sister! It's cut out in mid-programming.
(Alarm bell.)
NURSE: That's the evacuation.
CONSTANT: No one leaves. No one!
(Inarticulate Cybermen.)
CONSTANT: Keep the recruits restrained. Their programming won't be complete. No power.
CYBERMAN What is my task?
CONSTANT: Try to hold them back. Where's Doctorman Allan?
NURSE: What is it?
CONSTANT: The Committee!

(Boom! Horse neighs.)
DODD: What is it? Ow, my ears
DOCTOR: The air pressure, did you feel it drop?
DODD: I thought the roof was coming in.
DOCTOR: It may well do. What is it, officer? Are we under bombardment?
POLICEMAN: Keep moving.
DODD: It's too dark to see.
(Boom.)
DOCTOR: That was away to the north.
POLICEMAN: Proceed through the Committee Palace gates.
DODD: I'm not going in there.
POLICEMAN: Move on.
(Gunshots.)
DOCTOR: Sounds like your society's in its death throes.
(Boom. The horse panics.)
DODD: More like the end of the world.
DOCTOR: You could be right. Maybe I was wrong. Maybe Mondas doesn't have a future after all.

[Part Three]

(Boom. The horse neighs and the Policeman cries out.)
DOCTOR: Quick, while he's on the ground! Run!
DODD: Not that way!
DOCTOR: You think you're better off on the streets? Come on, inside the Palace.

CYBERMAN: We have tasks to perform.
CONSTANT: You must stay here until the power returns.
ALLAN: Sisterman Constant? What's happening?
CONSTANT: Oh, Doctorman Allan. Thank heaven.
ALLAN: The city's in darkness. There were explosions. Why are these recruits here?

CYBERMAN: Our tasks must be allocated.
ALLAN: What?
CONSTANT: The power went down during their logic programming. We've been trying to contain them, but at least one's wandered off. They don't understand.
ALLAN: They wouldn't. They're barely out of processing.
CYBERMAN: We do understand.
ALLAN: Do you?
CYBERMAN: We are the future.
ALLAN: Yes?
CYBERMAN: We have tasks to perform. What are they?
ALLAN: You must wait. Your programming is incomplete. Waiting is your task.
CYBERMAN: We will wait.
ALLAN: Good. Very good. (sotto) What about the Committee? Without power they'll die.
CONSTANT: They went quiet. Everyone else fled. There's no word from the work crews on the surface, and we can't leave here.
ALLAN: Then the Committee's in trouble.
CYBERMAN: Our first imperative is to protect the Committee. Where is the Committee? We must protect the Committee.
ALLAN: Your task is to wait.
CYBERMAN: We have waited. If you threaten the Committee, we must destroy you.

DOCTOR: All clear, Thomas.
DODD: The place is deserted.
DOCTOR: Getting nippy too. Frost flowers on the windows. This must have been a fine palace once, before it crumbled into baroque decay.
DODD: Yeah, yeah, well, I know it had a famous wine cellar. I could do with a drink right now. Are we under attack?
DOCTOR: Worse. The outside's getting in. The energy fields of a local nebula are playing merry hell with the integrity of the city's sealed biosphere.
DODD: So we're safer in here, then.
DOCTOR: Depends what's in here with us.
DODD: You reckon these statues are solid gold?
DOCTOR: (sigh) I give up. No, they're probably gold leaf. There. See? It just flakes off.
(Carries on rubbing the statue.)
DODD: Oi, mate. What about the market value?
DOCTOR: What market? It's the last place I'd expect to find so much gold. Still, this could be a prudent investment. So what did happen to your decadent rulers?
DODD: Chop, chop, chop.
DOCTOR: Victims of the People's Committee, I take it. And where are the champions of the Proletariat? I want to see the Committee for myself.
DODD: No one sees the Committee.
DOCTOR: I wonder why?
(Door opens.)
DOCTOR: (sotto) Hide!
CYBER-YVONNE: What are my tasks?
DODD: What is that?
DOCTOR: Get down, Thomas.
CYBER-YVONNE: Clarify my directives.
DODD: It's horrible!
DOCTOR: Doddl
CYBER-YVONNE: You.
DOCTOR: Too late. Yes? How can I help you?
DODD: What Is that thing?
CYBER-YVONNE: What are my tasks? I must know my tasks.
DOCTOR: Your tasks? Don't you know?
CYBER-YVONNE: You must tell me. I must know.
DODD: Don't you look at me.
DOCTOR: What purpose were you created for?
CYBER-YVONNE: I, I do, do not know.
DODD: Horrible thing. Horrible cloth face.
CYBER-YVONNE: Am I horrible?
DODD: Bloody horrible.
DOCTOR: Thomas!
CYBER-YVONNE: I do not know this.
DODD: It's all spare parts. They're all implants. There's nothing human left.
DOCTOR: Who were you? Do you remember?
CYBER-YVONNE: I am. I am
DOCTOR: Yes?
CYBER-YVONNE: Father must see my uniform. Father. North District Block nine. (receding)

Apartment thirty one.
DOCTOR: Appalling waste.
DODD: Is that what they're doing in here?
DOCTOR: So even you're shocked, Thomas. That's good.
DODD: Disgusting. It stank of antiseptic.
DOCTOR: They've always done that.
DODD: Male or female? You couldn't even tell.
DOCTOR: Primitive, genderless, confused. And still cabled up. Must have been fresh from processing.
DODD: How do you know?
DOCTOR: It's your destiny, Thomas. It was a Cyberman.

NYSSA: It's snowing.
DAD: Snow? But that's weather. We don't have weather any more, Nyssa. That's what they'd've called a blizzard, years ago.
NYSSA: There must be a breach in the cavern roof. How deep are we?
FRANK: They were tunnelling for the frozen surface in those suited-up things we saw on the telly.
NYSSA: The Cybermen.
FRANK: Maybe they caused this?
DAD: Beautiful, innit? Just in time for the holiday. All the tiny flakes catching in the torchlight.
FRANK: Dad, we're wasting the torch. Come in. You'll freeze.
NYSSA: I must find the Doctor. He'll do something.
(Door closes.)
FRANK: About the weather?
DAD: It's getting worse.
NYSSA: I must go. The streets could soon be impassable.
FRANK: I'll find you a coat.
DAD: You're daft, both of you. I'm putting the kettle on.
FRANK: Dad.
DAD: Oh, right. No power. No tea. I reckon our Vonnie's better off up there in t'barracks.

ALLAN: Let us out. We have to reach the Committee Chamber.
CYBERMAN: Doctorman Allan, we are protecting the Committee.
CONSTANT: You're nowhere near the Committee.
CYBERMAN: Displays of emotional weakness are impractical.
ALLAN: The Committee will be dead if you don't release us. And the city too. I'm going to go and try and get the generators restarted.
CYBERMAN: Agreed. One of us will escort you.
ALLAN: He doesn't trust me.
CONSTANT: Don't argue, Doctorman. I'll keep the others busy.
ALLAN: Be careful, Constant.
CONSTANT: Heaven bless you. Here, take my scarf. And hurry, before we all freeze to death.

DODD: Nothing in here. I think we're lost, Doctor.
DOCTOR: (distant) Thomas, you'd better come and see.
DODD: Strewth, it's cold. Even my icicles have got ice. Blimey, what are those?
DOCTOR: Racks of body containment suits for Cybermen. All ready for processing on an industrial scale. Things are more advanced than I expected.
DODD: See what state funding does? That's me out of business. I'll see you later, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Thomas, come back!
DODD: (receding) No, I've had enough. I'm going home, away from this, this place.
DOCTOR: Thomas!
(Door opens.)
CYBERMAN: Which way are the generators?
(Door closes.)
ALLAN: You have a new task. Stay here and guard the way. It's quicker if I work alone.
CYBERMAN: I must escort you.
ALLAN: Ow, my arm! Let go.
CYBERMAN: I must escort you.
DOCTOR: Let her go!
ALLAN: Doctor?
DOCTOR: Stand down. I warn you, I'm armed.
CYBERMAN: You are interfering with my task.
DOCTOR: Am I? Have some gold leaf.
ALLAN: What are you doing?
DOCTOR: Well? Well, go on. Choke and fall over.
CYBERMAN: Is this a threat?
DOCTOR: Apparently not. My apologies.
CYBERMAN: This is a threat. All threats must be annulled.
DOCTOR: (choking) I came to help.

ALLAN: Get away from him.
CYBERMAN: All threats must be annulled.
DOCTOR: The city is in danger.
ALLAN: I said, get away from him. Let him go! Do as you're told!
(Electric crackling, Cyberman gurgling. Big thud.)
DOCTOR: (gasping) Thank you.
ALLAN: I had to abort him. He'd have killed you. I don't take these decisions lightly.
DOCTOR: No doctor does. But how did you
ALLAN: Fail-safe override. It only works during processing.
DOCTOR So the processing was incomplete. Careful!
ALLAN: I'm closing his eyes. He was a human being too. Barely reborn.
DOCTOR: *It's* a Cyberman. The human part is debatable. How many more are there like it?
ALLAN: I have to restore the power generators. Where's your police guard?
DOCTOR: Hit by falling rubble. I came in voluntarily. If you'll trust me, I can help.
ALLAN: I don't trust you. But I have no choice, have I? This way

(Knocking on door, cold wind blowing.)
NYSSA: Doctor! Let us into the Tardis! It's freezing out here!
FRANK: Not there, is he?
NYSSA: No.
FRANK: So now what?
NYSSA: The Committee Palace. If that's the centre of things, that's where the Doctor would head for.
FRANK: That's where Yvonne went.
NYSSA: Then we can find her, too. How far is it?
FRANK: It's dark. We can cut across the square by the holiday tree.
NYSSA: Frank, put the torch out!
FRANK: What?
NYSSA: Lights, coming this way.
FRANK: It's the police.
NYSSA: On those horse things. We'll never get past them.
FRANK: Right. Back home. We'll pick up more batteries, and try the other way round.

ALLAN: In here. This is the generator chamber.
DOCTOR: Impressive. You're producing energy on a vast scale.
ALLAN: When it's working.
DOCTOR: Geothermal power, yes? Dry steam to drive the turbines, pumped up from the centre of the planet. You could power a hundred cities with this.
ALLAN: These printouts. Every fail-safe has activated.
DOCTOR: Let's see. Oh, yes. Someone's been making huge demands on the power. It's blown every fuse.
ALLAN: I'm not an electriman. I'd hoped to just throw a switch and get the power on again.
DOCTOR: Time's already running out. Your planet's errant path is wandering into the region of the Cherrybowl Nebula.
ALLAN: How can you know that?
DOCTOR: Spacefarers avoid it like the plague. It's a crucible of unstable primal energy. It'll rip this planet apart if you get too close. The turbulence has already punctured the sealed biosphere of the city.
ALLAN: Who exactly are you?
DOCTOR: I want to help, for the sake of the people freezing outside.
ALLAN: And the Committee.
DOCTOR: I didn't think Cybermen allowed committees.
ALLAN: It'll die if I don't get its power back on.
DOCTOR: It? You mean, one entity?
ALLAN: We'll all be dead without it.
DOCTOR: So where is it? What's in here?
ALLAN: No!

DOCTOR: Empty.
ALLAN: I told you to stay out.
DOCTOR: No one sees the Committee. Is this why? (shouts) Hello!
ALLAN: You have no right.
DOCTOR: The secret's out, Doctor Allan. Your Committee's a sham. It doesn't exist. The rotten apple has no core.
(Metal noises.)
DOCTOR: What's that?
ALLAN: It's alive. The Committee. It's still alive!

CYBERMAN: Sisterman, we can wait no longer.
CONSTANT: Give Doctorman Allan time.

CYBERMAN: Stay where you are.
CONSTANT: Unlike you, I'm *not* resistant to cold. I need food and the toilets, and warmer clothes.
CYBERMAN: That is weakness. You should become like us.
CONSTANT: You were chosen for a purpose. I still have a choice.
CYBERMEN: Purpose? She knows our purpose? She must tell us.
CYBERMAN: If you know our purpose and our tasks, you must tell us.
CONSTANT: I don't know!
CYBERMAN: It is imperative.
CONSTANT: Oh!
CYBERMAN: We must know.
(Door opens.)
ZHENG: (another Cyberman) Stand away. I am Cybercommander Zheng. My squad is assuming control here. Release the Sisterman.
CYBERMAN: Data is being withheld. We must access the information.
ZHENG: Release the Sisterman.
(Energy blast, thud.)
CONSTANT: (How dare you bring violence into the wards! Every life is precious here.
CYBERMEN: Data is being withheld We protect the Committee. We have no other directives.
ZHENG: Return to your tasks.
CONSTANT: They're recruits. The power cut out before their programming was complete. They know no better.
ZHENG: Squad. Escort these recruits back to the processing section.
(Marching boots.)
ZHENG: Sisterman Constant, you are hurt.
CONSTANT: I'm fine. I must see to my other patients.
ZHENG: I was summoned from the surface. Lack of power disabled my transporter. I must report to the Committee.
CONSTANT: What's happened? Are we under attack?
ZHENG: That is secure information. Why has the power not been restored?
CONSTANT: All the other staff have gone. It's chaos here.
ZHENG: Cybermen would not desert their posts. Is the Committee secure?
CONSTANT: Doctor Allan is trying to reach them.
ZHENG: You are damaged.
CONSTANT: My shoulder. It's nothing. Oh! Oh! Oh, let go!
ZHENG: The scapula is fractured.
CONSTANT: I said, it's nothing. What about the innocent recruit you shot?
ZHENG: He will be taken for reassembly. So will you. Take them both.
CONSTANT: Take your hands off me! (receding) No! No, I will not go.I will not go!
ZHENG: Resistance will not be tolerated.

DOCTOR: Is this your Committee? A primitive many-headed cybernetic hydra?
ALLAN: It's still alive, running on vestigial power.
DOCTOR: It's obscene! It's devouring every resource you have. No wonder the City's still stuck in the nineteen fifties.
ALLAN: Twenty of our greatest minds joined as one to propose clear solutions to our problems. It's Doctorman Allan. Can you hear me?
DOCTOR: Pontificating like some monstrous tinpot Solomon. You still think of them as human, don't you?
ALLAN: Help me get the power back on.
DOCTOR: Look at it. Is that human? Swollen heads wired into the system; disregarded bodies withering like rotten fruit. If I chop off one head, do two more sprout in its place? You know where it'll lead, don't you?
(Door opens.)
ZHENG: Doctorman Allan? Why is the power not restored?
ALLAN: Cybercommander Zheng. The Committee is still alive.
ZHENG: And?
ALLAN: The fail-safes prevented any serious damage.
DOCTOR: More's the pity.
ZHENG: Who is this? Give his name.
ALLAN: He's
DOCTOR: How do you do? I'm the Doctorman's assistant.
ALLAN: My what?
DOCTOR: Every doctor should have one.
ZHENG: Name?
DOCTOR: And I'm here to restore the generators. No one else has the know-how.
ZHENG: Is this true?
COMMITTEE: Doctorman Allan
ALLAN: Yes, I hear you. Are you safe?
COMMITTEE: The processing. Have you found a solution?

ALLAN: We're doing all we can.
COMMITTEE: Utmost priority. Little time left. Restore the power.
ALLAN: We're working on it. Come on, Doctor.
ZHENG: Doctor?
COMMITTEE: Zheng. Report the status on the surface. Zheng
ALLAN: Come on.
DOCTOR: Don't you want to hear?
ZHENG: Storm radiation intensity has increased two hundred and thirty per cent. Endurance levels have been met. Final tests on the propulsion system were curtailed by the power loss.
DOCTOR: A propulsion system? For the planet, I assume.
ALLAN: Doctor, come away.

DOCTOR: That's the reason, isn't it? You've built a propulsion system on the surface. But conditions are so severe up there, only workers with fully augmented bodies can survive. That's why you created the Cybermen.
ALLAN: And now those conditions are extending into the city.
DOCTOR: So no power, no people, no anything.
ALLAN: And Mondas will soon be a dead world.

NYSSA: Surely it can't get colder.
FRANK: The lock's frozen.
(Knocks on door.)
FRANK: Dad! Dad, it's us. Open up!
NYSSA: Something's coming!
FRANK: Dad! Let us in!
NYSSA: Cybermats! Dozens of them!
FRANK: They're swarming. Dad!
(Door opens.)
DAD: Steady on. Remember the neighbours.
FRANK: Shut the door!
DAD: Flaming heck. Where's me Cheeser and traps?
(Cybermat sound fades.)
NYSSA: They're not interested in us.
DAD: Something's spooked them.
FRANK: Look!
NYSSA: It's a Cyberman!
FRANK: Get inside!
(Door closed.)
FRANK: It'll go past. It didn't see us.
(Crash! Cyber-arghs.)
DAD: Get back!

ALLAN: Doctor, what's it like under there?
DOCTOR: The traction routes are burnt right out. I'm going to try and close the circuits manually.
ALLAN: Then the pumps will start to feed the heat exchangers again.
DOCTOR: Pass me that rod. I'll have to try to use brute force.
ALLAN: Here.
(Metal rod scrapes.)
DOCTOR: (effort) This is only temporary, you realise.
ALLAN: Yes.
DOCTOR: That's the first one closed. But the only real solution is to pull Mondas's course away from the nebula.
ZHENG: The propulsion system on the surface is the Committee's prime objective.
DOCTOR: Ah, Commander Zheng. Back from your pow wow?
ZHENG: Continue with your work.
DOCTOR:I knew these generators supplied more than the city. Second circuit closed. Eight to go.
ZHENG: Doctorman Allan, this man is an alien intruder.
ALLAN: Yes, but I've requisitioned him, so hands off.
ZHENG: How did he enter the city?
ALLAN: I don't care. He's helping us.
DOCTOR: Excuse me. Just how complete is the propulsion system? Completely complete, or only a bit?
ZHENG: It is complete.
DOCTOR: So why?
ALLAN: The number of engineers is limited, Doctor. It involves colossal energies.
DOCTOR: And only Cyberprocessed workers can undertake the task. What's the survival rate?
ZHENG: That is not your concern.
ALLAN: It's nineteen per cent.
DOCTOR: So you keep processing more and more innocent people.

ALLAN: Without Cybermen, we cannot survive. They are our saviours.
DOCTOR: Him? A saviour? You're trapped, all of you. Your future is inescapable.
ZHENG: We are the future.
DOCTOR: Exactly. Four down. Six nails in the coffin to go.

DAD: Get back. It's coming through!
FRANK: Look out, Nyssa!
(The gibbering Cyberman breaks through the door.)
DAD: It's half crazy. What's it want? Leave us alone, you!
FRANK: It's one of those surface crewmen.
NYSSA: It's a Cyberman.
DAD: It sounds distressed to me.
NYSSA: It can't be. They have no feelings.
DAD: Let's have a look.
FRANK: Careful, Dad.
NYSSA: Keep back.
DAD: Now then in there, what's all the fuss?
CYBER-YVONNE: Da Da
DAD: What's that?
CYBER-YVONNE: Da Da Daaaad.
(Dad moans.)
FRANK: Oh, no
CYBER-YVONNE: Daaaad
DAD: Yvonne, is that you? What have they done to you? I can't see your face. And they've made you so tall. Oh, my little Vonnie. Let's get this horrid mask off
(Cyber-Yvonne lashes out and screeches. Glass breaks.)

DOCTOR: Two circuits left.
ALLAN: Keep going, Doctor.
DOCTOR: And what happens when I've got the power back up?
ZHENG: The Committee will restore order.
DOCTOR: Oh, no. First power goes down to the city.
ZHENG: The Committee will be first.
ALLAN: The Doctor's right, Zheng.
DOCTOR: Agree, Commander. or I'll smash every logic junction and circuit in the place. One more to go. Or not. It's up to you.
ALLAN: Zheng, the city must come first. You must agree. Commander!
COMMITTEE: It is agreed.
DOCTOR: Ah, your master's voice, Zheng. Agree to everything now!
COMMITTEE: The city comes first.
DOCTOR: Right.
ALLAN: Thank you.
DOCTOR: Once this is closed, you can throw the power switch.
ALLAN: What is it?
DOCTOR:It's jammed! Hang on. If I can force them together
ALLAN: Zheng! Don't touch the switch.
(The Doctor screams.)
ALLAN: Doctor!
ZHENG: Circuit completed.
COMMITTEE: Power restored.
ALLAN: Zheng, you've killed him! He's dead!
ZHENG: Do we continue?
COMMITTEE: We continue.

DAD: Vonnie!
NYSSA: Try to hold her!
FRANK: Look out!
(More breakages. Power comes back.)
NYSSA: The power. It's back on.
(Cyber-Yvonne makes baby sounds.)
DAD: The bird. Vonnie's little Trillerby
NYSSA: The lights on the tree. She's fascinated by them.
FRANK: That's my sister. What have they done to her?
DAD: Come on, love. Let's look at the tree. That's right. Eh, your hands are frozen.
FRANK: It's horrible. Is that really her?
DAD: Now remember what it all means, eh? Our dear old, scraggy old tree stands for the forests that once covered the surface of the world. The lights are the stars above the stone sky. And the baubles are the worlds we pass, winding our long journey through them like the tinsel.
CYBER-YVONNE: Ss.. ss.. star.

DAD: And the star on top. That's the old sun we left behind, and one day we'll get back to.
DAD: Look, love. Here's our Frank.
FRANK: Hello, big sis. Love you.
DAD: And here's Nyssa too.
NYSSA: Hello, Yvonne.
FRANK: She doesn't even know me.
DAD: No, no, don't cry, love. Don't cry. We're all back together now. Like a proper family.

(Pulsing metal sound.)
CONSTANT: (waking) What's happening?
CYBERMAN: The power has been restored, Sisterman. The recruits' programming is completing automatically.
CONSTANT: I'm on the processing conveyor. Get me down off here!
CYBERMAN: Commander Zheng instructed that you were to be processed immediately.
CONSTANT: No! I'm a Selector. You *need* me to help the recruits. I have tasks to perform.
CYBERMAN: Your tasks will be clearer after processing.
CONSTANT: No. You can't! (recedes) Stop this! Stop this now! I'm a Selector!

COMMITTEE: The Committee is restored. Testing of the propulsion system must resume immediately. Reports on the city environment must be assessed.
DOCTOR: Nyssa. I must find Nyssa.
ALLAN: Doctor?
DOCTOR: Who's that?
ALLAN: It's Doctorman Allan. Lie still now.
COMMITTEE: You will oversee the processing, Zheng. Doctorman Allan will answer to you.
DOCTOR: Allan?
ALLAN: Just rest, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Yes. Thank you.
ZHENG: Doctorman Allan.
ALLAN: Zheng, help me with him.
ZHENG: Why?
ALLAN: Look at him. The Doctor took the force of the entire power supply, but he's still alive. He's hardly burnt. Even you couldn't do that.
ZHENG: High resilience.
ALLAN: Don't you understand? This is incredible! I need a full corporeal diagnostic. If his physiology can stand up to that shock, he could be the answer to our prayers.

DAD: Vonnie, love? Why's she not moving?
NYSSA: Some sort of seizure.
DAD: Catch her.
FRANK: Yvonne!
DAD: It's all right, love. We're here.
NYSSA: She's receiving radio signals.
CYBER-YVONNE: Fraaaank. Daaaad.
DAD: Vonnie. Vonnie, love.

ALLAN: Zheng, put the Doctor under the corporeal scanner.
ZHENG: I will return to the processing area. More recruits must be processed.
ALLAN: This is more important!
DOCTOR: Must reach Nyssa. Where is she?
ALLAN: Good. Now where's Constant?
ZHENG: The Sisterman has been sent for processing.
ALLAN: Ah! No.
ZHENG: As I instructed. She was injured.
ALLAN: Constant?
ZHENG: Doctor Allan. Observe these scans.

NYSSA: Frank? Come inside. You haven't a coat. And your father's asking for you. What's everyone staring at?
FRANK: Look down to the north.
NYSSA: Where? It's getting foggy.
FRANK: At the city roof.
NYSSA: The glare of the street lights. It's like a huge waterfall, frozen and streaming with mist.
FRANK: It's broken through. The frozen atmosphere. It's pouring down on the hydrohouses.
NYSSA: Where they grow all the crops?
FRANK: Where Yvonne works. Worked. You know what it means?
NYSSA: I can guess.
FRANK: If we don't freeze, we'll starve anyway.

DOCTOR: Why didn't I stay in the Tardis?
DODD: Psst. Hallo, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Thomas Dodd? I seem to be in a hospital. Have you brought me some grapes? I thought you went home.
DODD: Ah, yes, well, I couldn't get out for guards. They've been giving you a right going over.
DOCTOR: (groans) Must get up. Oh. No energy. Where's Doctorman Allan?
DODD: She and that Cyberthing went belting off, in a right froth about something.
DOCTOR: About me?
DODD: Maybe. You know they've got production lines that'll churn out these things by the tram load.
DOCTOR: Do me a favour, Thomas. The Hartley family.
DODD: Oh yeah, those scroungers. What about them?
DOCTOR: My friend Nyssa may be with them. I need to get a message to her. Could you deliver it?
DODD: Speak to them yourself on the ward phone. I'll haul it over.
DOCTOR: I don't have their number to ring.
DODD: Ah, I never forget the number of a creditor.
DOCTOR: You're so very kind.
DODD: I know. So, what do I get in return? I'm er, I'm going to need some new stock now.

NYSSA: Frank. I'm truly sorry
FRANK: What do you know? Who have you ever lost?
NYSSA: Yvonne was very kind to me. If only we could reach the Doctor
FRANK: Just shut up about the bloody Doctor! We'll all be frozen soon. And my sister, she's better off out of it!
(Telephone rings. Frank answers.)
FRANK: Nyssa? For you.
NYSSA: Me? Thank you. Hello?
DOCTOR [OC]: Nyssa?
NYSSA: Doctor. Where are you? Are you alright?
DOCTOR: I'm in the Committee Palace. Listen, I've no more change. I need you to bring some things for me. Can you manage that?
NYSSA: Doctor
DOCTOR: Look in the Tardis workshop. You'll find a brown satchel. And if you've room, there's a sonic ioniser too. And I could
NYSSA: Doctor, I can't get them. I don't have the Tardis key. Doctor?
DOCTOR: Thank you, Nyssa. I'll think of something else. I'll call back la
(Crash!)
POLICEMAN: You are the other stranger. Come with me.

DOCTOR: Nyssa? Can you hear me? Nyssa? Something's happened.
ALLAN: That's right, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Ah.
DODD: Doctorman Allan.
ALLAN: Thomas Dodd.
DODD: I just ducked in out of the cold.
ZHENG: Take this one for processing.
DODD: Get your hands off me! Get off me!
DOCTOR: Let him go!
DODD: His heart! He promised me one of his hearts!
DOCTOR: I said, let him go!
ZHENG: Be silent.
ALLAN: Zheng, be careful. The Doctor's more precious than he knows.
DOCTOR: Am I? That sounds ominous.
(Bing bong.)
COMMITTEE: How can this alien intruder help us?
DOCTOR: Ah, so we're not alone.
ALLAN: These are the scans of the Doctor's physiology.
COMMITTEE 1: What does this teach us?
COMMITTEE 2: He has a secondary cardiovascular system. What value is that?
DOCTOR: None. None at all.
ALLAN: But look here, at the base of the cranium. There's a smaller tertiary lobe to the brain.
COMMITTEE 1: Meaning?
ALLAN: It deals with all bodily and motor functions.
COMMITTEE 2: Allowing other parts of the brain to optimise all calculation and data assessment.
ALLAN: Exactly.
DOCTOR: That's no good to you. I'm not human. Unclean and unfit.
COMMITTEE 2: This is the final link.
ALLAN: I can reproduce this system in all future Cyberprocessing. Base our entire project on him.
DOCTOR: What?
ALLAN: No more needless organ rejection and failure.

COMMITTEE: Agreed. Begin work immediately.
DOCTOR: No! I will not be the template for your monstrous parodies of humankind!
ALLAN: But Doctor, you've saved us all.
DOCTOR: No one's saved.
COMMITTEE: Summon the people. Begin the processing.
DOCTOR: Listen to me!
COMMITTEE: We will survive. The new Cyber race will be invincible.

[Part Four]

FRANK: Dad? You can't just sit there.
DAD: I can't leave Yvonne. She's back home. Put the kettle on, Frankie.
FRANK: The police have taken Nyssa away.
DAD: Poor little Vonnie. What harm did she ever do to anyone? And now she looks like a road accident.
FRANK: Oh, Dad.
DAD: That's what you wanted to be, Frank. What you wanted.

ALLAN: Don't struggle, Doctor. It won't hurt for long.
DOCTOR: I won't let you create a race in my image.
ALLAN: It's just a detailed body scan, to optimise your physiology with the human subjects.
DOCTOR: Especially that race. Cybermen so bloated with mechanical parts, only cold logic stifles their natural urge to scream in agony! How can you do that to your own people?
ALLAN: Because we're dying. That's why we're screaming! We've been trapped down here so long, we daren't even step out on our own planet's surface. Just the thought of the vast, empty sky drives us insane. Only Cybermen can go out there and save us.
DOCTOR: Save you? That means nothing to them. You've no idea what you're creating.
ALLAN: No Cybermen, no life. Unless you have a better solution? No?
DOCTOR: I will not assist you.
(Boom.)

COMMITTEE: Commander Zheng? Turbulence from the nebula is increasing. Why delay in testing the propulsion system?
ZHENG: The power capacitors are only at seventy one percent storage.
COMMITTEE: That is sufficient.
ZHENG: Power is needed to repair the shields in the damaged roof of the city.
COMMITTEE VOICES: The city must survive. The course of Mondas must be altered. The propulsion system takes priority. A sacrifice must be made.
COMMITTEE: Disjunction. The Committee does not agree.
ZHENG: The roof must be repaired or the people will not survive.
COMMITTEE: There is another solution. All citizens of Mondas must be fully processed. Begin with police and nursing staff. Start the work immediately.

FRANK: Come inside, Dad.
DAD: Look. The ice flow's spread as far as the old church. We can't stay here.
FRANK: What about Nyssa? If we could find her, she has this place where we'd all be safe.
DAD: It'll be the same for her as little Vonnie. No doubts, lad. This is the end.
TANNOY: All Citizens, attention. A state of emergency is being declared. Shelter will be provided in the Committee Palace. Shelter will be provided (and on)
DAD: Shelter? Who are they trying to kid? Shelter!
TANNOY: Report to the Committee Palace.. Report to the Committee Palace immediately.

ALLAN: That turbulence is getting stronger.
DOCTOR: Of course it is. Forget Cyberprocessing. Just get the planet's propulsion system working.
NYSSA: Doctorl
DOCTOR: Nyssa.
ALLAN: Who's this?
CYBERMAN: Another intruder detained by the police. She will be interrogated by Commander Zheng.
NYSSA: Why are you strapped down? What are they doing?
DOCTOR: Doctorman Allan, this is my friend, Nyssa. We can both help you.
NYSSA: Help them?
DOCTOR: Yes, Nyssa. With your unrivalled experience of bio-engineering. Stem cell tissue culture to grow spare parts.
ALLAN: Is that true?
CYBERMAN: She is required by Cybercommander Zheng.
ALLAN: No! I'll deal with her. Go back to your duties. Well, go on. I've storerooms full of old bones that need grinding up for nutrient.
CYBERMAN: Yes, Doctorman Allan.
NYSSA: Doctor, why are you wired to this machine? They're not Cyberprocessing you?

DOCTOR: Not yet. What's happening outside?
NYSSA: The city's freezing over.
ALLAN: What?
NYSSA: There's a breach in the roof and the frozen atmosphere's spilling in. It'll soon be uninhabitable.
DOCTOR: Except for Cybermen.
NYSSA: The processing destroys personalities. It killed poor Yvonne Hartley. I was there.
ALLAN: It's only for selected workers on the surface.
(Door opens.)
ZHENG: Doctorman Allan. The Committee orders full processing of the population to begin immediately.
DOCTOR: You see?
ALLAN: We don't have facilities for that many.
ZHENG: The vaults below the Palace have been adapted. My squad are programmed for surgical duties.
ALLAN: When did that happen? They never told me. Well, tell them the new Cybertemplate isn't scanned yet.
ZHENG: The subject is here. Start immediately.
NYSSA: Doctor? What template?
DOCTOR: Quiet, Nyssa.
ZHENG: Who is this?
DOCTOR: Leave her, Zheng.
ZHENG: This is the intruder I was to interrogate.
ALLAN: Apparently she understands our work. And since you deprived me of Sisterman Constant, I need her skills.
(Rumble. Things fall off shelves.)
ZHENG: Doctorman Allan, you are relieved of your duties. I shall start the scan myself.
ALLAN: That's my job!
NYSSA: Doctor!
(The machine starts to power up.)
DOCTOR: It's just a scanner. Don't worry, Nyssa.
NYSSA: Bring him back!
ALLAN: How dare you, Zheng! All this is my work. I created you.
ZHENG: And I am superior to you. Be proud, while you still have the capacity.

(The Doctor cries out in pain.)
COMMITTEE: Who are you?
DOCTOR: I'm not your saviour, that's for certain. Get out of my head!
COMMITTEE: You have resources that we need.
DOCTOR: How did it start? Just a few hip replacements and breast implants. Vanity's a killer, isn't it? And where will it end? Sleek heartless scavengers, cobbled up from space junk and other people's bodies. But you'll look ever so stylish. Argh!
COMMITTEE 1: The speed of natural development is insufficient.
COMMITTEE 2: We have taken charge of our own evolution.
DOCTOR: Excellent! Abolish doctors. Someone call a mechanic.
COMMITTEE VOICES: Who is he? He is a threat. Why is he here? Is he the solution? Who sent him?
DOCTOR: You've no unity. And logic alone can never change Mondas's course. The nebula will destroy you. You're finished.
COMMITTEE: You entered our world. You have the means to evacuate our people. Assist us.
DOCTOR: I will not be a part of your future.
(Metal whirring.)
DOCTOR: What's this? What are you doing?
COMMITTEE: You cannot resist. You will be like us.
DOCTOR: I will never be like you! Argh!

COMMITTEE VOICES: He is a threat. He is incorrect. He will be processed into the Cyber race. Logic is clean. Logic is truth and strength.
COMMITTEE 1: To change and plan we need unity.
COMMITTEE 2: Disjunction must be rejected. Disjunction means extinction.
COMMITTEE: Agreed. Extinction is futile. Logic must be embraced.
COMMITTEE VOICES: Agreed. Agreed. Agreed. Agreed. Agreed. Agreed.
COMMITTEE: Conjunction is strength. We are the future. We are the future. We are the future. We are the future. We are the future. (Etc)
CYBERPLANNER: We are in conjunction. The Cyber-race is secure.

NYSSA: How much longer?
ZHENG: The scan is almost complete.
NYSSA: And then we can get the Doctor out of there, can't we, Doctor Allan?
(Pouring liquid.)

ALLAN: (tipsy) Oh, don't ask me. I'm relieved of my duties.
(Door opens.)
CYBERMAN: Commander, the civilians are waiting at the open gates.
ZHENG: I will come. Doctorman, oversee the scanning process.
ALLAN: Need me now, don't you.

FRANK: How much longer, dad? It's so cold.
DAD: Long as it takes, lad. We stand out here until they learn. We don't come to their whistle like programmed Cybermats.
CITIZEN 1: Let's have a blaze! Chop the big tree down.
(Cheers.)
CITIZEN 2: It's bloody plastic.
(Boos. Clip clops.)
FRANK: What's that noise, Dad?
(Horses approaching.)
DAD: Frank, get back.

ZHENG: Even the unprocessed crowd has a certain logic. If they refuse the open gate, we use their emotional responses against them and drive them in. Order all squads to be ready for intake of recruits.
CYBERMAN: Yes, Commander.

(Machine powers down.)
NYSSA: Has the scanner finished?
ALLAN: Oh, long ago. Not my problem.
NYSSA: Help me get the Doctor out.
ALLAN: It's automatic.
(Machine clunk.)
NYSSA: He's gone. What's happened to him?
ALLAN: (laughs) Oh, bless him. Let's open another bottle and toast his most excellent health.
NYSSA: You tricked him. He's been processed!
CYBERMAN: My programming is complete.
ALLAN: Incredible.
NYSSA: Doctor?
ALLAN: I was right. The movement's much more fluid. They normally need days to readjust.
CYBERMAN: I await orders.
ALLAN: Just wait then.
NYSSA: Doctor? Is that you?
(Allan laughs.)
NYSSA: Stop it. It's horrible!
CYBERMAN: I am summoned.
ALLAN: Wait. I need to run tests.
CYBERMAN: Stand aside.
(Door opens.)
NYSSA: (sotto) Doctor?

(Marching boots.)
DAD: What the?
FRANK: Cybermen. That's what Nyssa called them. It's a trap!
DAD: They're forcing us inside the Palace grounds
CYBERMAN: Do not resist. Form into groups for processing.
DAD: No parade of walking wounded tells me what to do. No one
(Whips crack.)

CYBERPLANNER: Commander Zheng, give your report.
ZHENG: The crowd are resisting our troops.
CYBERPLANNER: More power must go to the processing sections. Resistance must be crushed.
ZHENG: The propulsion system is ready for testing. Power must be redirected from processing.
CYBERPLANNER: The security of the Cyberplanner overrides all tasks. Obey your orders.

NYSSA: There must be a way to stop the Committee.
ALLAN: Who cares? We might as well join the queue for the processing now.
NYSSA: The Doctor would care. And now it's up to me.
(Clink of bottle and glass.)
ALLAN: Let's have a drink. Anything to encourage oblivion.
NYSSA: Please, listen to me!
(The glass smashes.)
ALLAN: You stupid little
NYSSA: He's gone. The Doctor's dead. Worse than dead. And Adric's dead too. So many people killed

because of your Cybermen. So where's the Committee? I have to stop this for once and for all.
ALLAN: The Doctor was a gift. I knew I was right. I should thank him. He was our last resort.
(Door opens.)
DOCTOR: Oh, dear. You make me sound like Southend-on-Sea.
NYSSA: Doctor!
DOCTOR: Just about. Yes.
NYSSA: Oh, Doctor.
DOCTOR: I could hear you right up the corridor.
NYSSA: I thought they'd taken you. She said
ALLAN: I said nothing of the sort.
NYSSA: But you'd gone. And then a Cyberman appeared.
DOCTOR: And you thought it was me? Oh, Nyssa.
ALLAN: That was the first recruit copied from the new template. You knew him, Doctor. One Thomas Dodd.
DOCTOR: Where is he now?
ALLAN: Oh, it's a *he* when it's someone you know. He and the Template are automatically deployed on the processing lines.
DOCTOR: Then get them back.
ALLAN: Impossible. I thought I was creating life, saving the people. I never wanted an award. And my Cybermen are so amazing, powerful, intricate. But I destroyed their souls.
DOCTOR: And every Cyberman I've ever met, will ever meet, is based on me.
ALLAN: I created an army of animated corpses. And the Committee'll process every last human rather than waste power on the propulsion system.
DOCTOR: Then you agree it must be stopped?
ALLAN: Stopped? They can't be stopped. I made them invincible.
DOCTOR: What about your medical supplies? There are vats out there that supply the Committee's nutrient. If we add something to weaken its resolve.
ALLAN: The Cybermen hold all the medical stores.
DOCTOR: Well, there must be something.
NYSSA: Doctor, the wine.
DOCTOR: Nyssa. Nyssa, you are incomparable. Wine from the old regime, I assume? How much is left?
ALLAN: They're my bottles, my cellar.
DOCTOR: A few bottles or the whole planet. It's not a choice, is it, Doctor?

(Lots of whips and horses.)
FRANK: Dad!
DAD: (My arm.
FRANK: Up here. Come on! Further in,
DAD: No. No, not that way!
CYBERMAN: Move away. Move away.
DAD: The roof!
FRANK: It's the ice. It's coming in!
DAD: Everybody, inside! Run!

(Distant breaking glass.)
ALLAN: The city roof's breaking up.
DOCTOR: Then keep your head down. Right, Nyssa. I'll open the wine bottles. You empty them into the vats.
NYSSA: What is that stuff in there?
DOCTOR: Nutrients for the Committee. Rich in calcium.
ALLAN: You can't stop them like that!
DOCTOR: But a Mickey Finn might slow them up a bit.
ALLAN: Give me that bottle. I should have never let you near all this! Give it to me!
NYSSA: No!
(Thud.)
NYSSA: You're pathetic. The Doctor's trying to save you and your world. Either help or leave us alone!
ALLAN: I can't be part of this. They'll listen to me. I'll make them stop.
(Running.)
DOCTOR: Thank you, Nyssa.
NYSSA: She could cause trouble.
(Corks pulled, wine glugs.)
DOCTOR: We are threatening her children. Mmm, blackberry and aniseed.
NYSSA: We can't just destroy a whole race.
DOCTOR: A race reborn partly in my image. I feel it's my right to try and redirect its evolution. Keep pouring.
NYSSA: Doctor, if Cybermen are the only way these people can survive
DOCTOR: Is it the only way?
NYSSA: I thought we couldn't change history.

DOCTOR: This place, all decay and despair. It feels like an end. Yet you and I know what's coming afterwards. So it's not an ending, just an alternative.
NYSSA: So we can't change history.
DOCTOR: Who says? I think history's old enough to take care of Itself, don't you? Just keep pouring.

CYBERMAN [OC]: Commander Zheng. The surface bombardment is Increasing. We cannot sustain here. The propulsion system must be activated.
ZHENG: Hold your position.
CYBERMAN [OC]: We need the power now.
ZHENG: Hold your position. I will obtain the order.
(Footsteps.)
ALLAN: Commander!
ZHENG: Stand aside, Doctorman Allan.
ALLAN: It's the Doctor. He's trying to poison
ZHENG: Which is more important? The Committee or the planet?
ALLAN: What? Well, that's obvious. Only the Committee have the power to save us. *My* Committee.
ZHENG: You are wrong. Stand aside.
ALLAN: No, wait! The Committee must be warned. Just listen
(Door opens.)
FRANK: Oh,thought they'd got us then, Dad.
(Door closes.)
DAD: Horrible place. Horrible plastic suits on racks. Forcing my little Vonnie into one of them.
FRANK: That woman was on the telly.
DAD: And the big robo, too. They were heading for the Committee.
FRANK: But she said the Doctor.
DAD: What? Nyssa's friend?
FRANK: She came the other way. Maybe Nyssa's there too.

DOCTOR: Good. That's enough wine to stew a herd of boeuf bourgignon.
NYSSA: So we wait? Look out there. Half the city's gone.
DOCTOR: Buried under the glacier. We must change Mondas's course. It might ride out one tsunami, but not an endless blitz of them.
NYSSA: Doctor.
CYBERMAN: All civilians are required for processing.
DOCTOR: But we're not civilians. Take us to the Committee. I want a word
CYBERMAN: You are required for processing.
NYSSA: Let go of him! Ah! Ah!
CYBERMAN: Do not resist. You are required.
(Thud, Cyber-arghs.)
DAD: Frank, tackle his legs. Get him into the vat!
FRANK: Can't hold him!
DOCTOR: I've got him!
DAD: Right. And lift. Okay, jug ears, over the top you go.
(Cyber-argh, splosh.)
FRANK: Nyssa, are you hurt?
NYSSA: No. Frank, this is the Doctor.
DOCTOR: Hello again, Frank. And Mister Hartley?
DAD: Aye, that's right.
DOCTOR: Nyssa told me about your daughter. I'm ,I'm truly sorry.
DAD: We're putting a stop to all this.
DOCTOR: Absolutely.
DAD: So what are we waiting for, football results?
DOCTOR: It's the Committee we're after. Along here.
DAD: Right.
FRANK: Nyssa, hang on.
NYSSA: We should keep up, you know.
FRANK: Look, I reckon I was right out of order with you.
NYSSA: Frank, I do understand. Yvonne isn't the only good friend I've lost to the Cybermen. Now come on.
FRANK: No, wait. Look out there.
NYSSA: The city. I know.
FRANK: No, down. In the courtyard.
NYSSA: Cybertroops. So many. It's a whole army.
FRANK: They're processing everyone. Us too, soon.
NYSSA: We must warn the Doctor. Come on
CYBERMAN: You will come with me. Everybody within the Palace is now required for processing.
FRANK: No.
NYSSA: Doctor!

DAD: I've never seen the like of these generators, Doctor. You could boil a million kettles all at once.
DOCTOR: It could propel a whole planet. Unfortunately the power's being diverted for other purposes.
DAD: Any ideas?
DOCTOR: Several. But we'd have to get past that guard first.
ALLAN [OC]: Why don't you listen? Deactivate your feed lines!
DAD: Someone's having a bit of a barney.
DOCTOR: Fighting a losing battle, I'd say.

ALLAN: The nutrient's poisoned. I told you!
CYBERPLANNER: No pollutants have been detected. Doctorman Allan, you are no longer required. Report, Zheng.
ZHENG: The surface crew need orders.
ALLAN: I will not be dismissed!
ZHENG: Mondas must avoid the nebula. The surface crew must activate the propulsion system now.
ALLAN: You agreed that processing was restricted to specialised workers!
CYBERPLANNER: Processing is extended to the full population. We must survive.
ZHENG: The propulsion system must take precedence.
ALLAN: And the city roof, or we'll be frozen alive in hours!
CYBERPLANNER: Guards, remove Doctorman Allan.
ALLAN: What about children? Where will they come from? No women. No men. You can't neuter the whole population! Get off me! Zheng, can't you stop this?
CYBERPLANNER: All power will be directed to processing. That is the future. Our future.

ALLAN [OC]: There is no future! Only a city of walking dead!
DOCTOR: The way of all flesh. Where's Nyssa got to?
DAD: That power going through to the Committee
DOCTOR: Which we have to stop.
DAD: You know what it's like? Alter the energy pulse and it could be the biggest Cheeser ever.
DOCTOR: Cheeser? Ah, as in rat trap.
DAD: Mat trap, Doctor. There's not a greedy little Cybermat for miles that could resist.
DOCTOR: (sotto) Down! Guard coming this way. I'll distract him. You do your worst.
DAD: Right.
DOCTOR: Hello. I've come to complain about a leaky roof.
CYBERMAN: Intruder.
DOCTOR: That's right.
(Thud.)
DOCTOR: I have vital information
(Thud.)
DOCTOR: About a threat to the Committee!
Thunk of metal.
DOCTOR: But I won't tell you!
(Smashing wood.)
DOCTOR: You're far too clever for that. Ah!
CYBERMAN: The Cyberplanner is waiting.
DOCTOR: And hardly gullible at all

ALLAN: Don't push me, you augmented thug.
CYBERMAN: Get in line for processing.
ALLAN: So much for a dignified exit.
NYSSA: Doctor Allan?
ALLAN: You. Ha! No escape for any of us, is there?
FRANK: It's her. From the telly.
ALLAN: What do you want? An autograph? God, it's cold down here. Where's the Doctor? Off on another of his schemes, like the wine?
NYSSA: The Doctor's trying to save you.
ALLAN: Oh, do be quiet.
FRANK: You started this. You started all the processing. If it wasn't for you, my sister Argh!
CYBERMAN: Stay in line for processing.
FRANK: My shoulder. Ow!
ALLAN: Don't worry. Processing irons out all disability and personality.
FRANK: Shove it!
ALLAN: So here's to oblivion and the future. It's all the same from now on. Come on! Why's this queue moving so slowly?

DAD: Blooming chilblains. Now then. That's it. Just edge up a bit more.
(The Doctor cries out nearby.)
DAD: Hang on, Doctor. Let's give the mats a treat. Full setting number nine.

DOCTOR: Stop the processing now. You're destroying yourselves.

CYBERPLANNER: He has served his purpose. Dispose of, dispo, dispose of him.
DOCTOR: Your faculties are slipping. Zheng, use the propulsion system now or the whole planet dies. Humans, Cybermen, everything.
CYBERPLANNER: We are human. We survive as Cyberhumans.
DOCTOR: I like humans a lot, but I don't like you.
CYBERPLANNER: We are still humans.
DOCTOR: You abandoned that right long ago. You've gone the whole hog, and you'll never be human again.
ZHENG: The Doctor's logic is correct. Processing later. The propulsion system must
CYBERPLANNER: Stand away from the power junctions.
ZHENG: The propulsion system must be used now. Argh!
DOCTOR: Zheng!
ZHENG: We must survive.
CYBERPLANNER: We will survive.
DOCTOR: Fat chance! You were doomed the moment Mondas went out of its orbit.
CYBERPLANNER: (Slurring) Mondas. When Mondas's orbit lost stability, our sciencemen discovered an opposing twin world hidden until then behind our sun.
DOCTOR: That's the wine talking. Meanwhile your world's going under.
(Rumble.)

CYBERMAN: Move.
FRANK: Leave Nyssa alone! Take me first!
NYSSA: No, Frank!
CYBERMAN: Lie still on the conveyor.
ALLAN: Don't resist, Nyssa. It's a merciful release. We'll all go together.
(Boom. Cyber-chittering.)
NYSSA: What's that?
FRANK: Cybermats.
ALLAN: Little vermin.
CYBERMAN: Alert. Alert
NYSSA: So many. Where are they going?
ALLAN: Stop dithering! Get on with the job.
CYBERMAN: Alert. Defend the Cyberplanner.

DOCTOR: Go on. What happened to Mondas then?
CYBERPLANNER: (slurred) A moon had erupted from the twin planet's surface, unbalancing the equilibrium. Mondas left its orbit. Research shows that the twin thrives while we face, we face annihilation.
DAD: Doctor! The Cybermats are coming.
CYBERPLANNER: Processing for all, all humans together.
DOCTOR: You're under attack. Turn off your power!
CYBERPLANNER: Assistance. Logic walls under assault. Assistance is required. Argh.
(Electricity crackles.)
DOCTOR: Commander Zheng, divert the power now!
CYBERPLANNER: Where is the future?
DOCTOR: You're destroying it! Zheng, now's your chance.
ZHENG: Surface crew, activate propulsion system on my command.
CYBERMAN [OC]: Ready.
(Boom!)
DOCTOR: Zheng! Do it now!
ZHENG: Activate. (Big boom, then wind blowing.)

DOCTOR: It's gone, back to the dust it fed on.
(Tardis door opens and closes.)
NYSSA: Doctor? Don't sit out here in the cold.
DOCTOR: Why not? It helps me think.
NYSSA: I've worked out those projections.
DOCTOR: Let's see.
NYSSA: You were right. Mondas is now moving on a reverse trajectory, away from the Cherrybowl Nebula.
DOCTOR: It's on its return journey, back home from the edge of space.
NYSSA: Hardly that far.
DOCTOR: Star charts are relative, you know, like Time. Too many dead. And it didn't help Adric, did it?
NYSSA: But did it help you?
DOCTOR: Or you, Nyssa?
NYSSA: Maybe. It depends how much has changed.
DOCTOR: The Cybermen would have happened sooner or later. The nebula was just a good excuse.
NYSSA: At least we got rid of the Committee. And Zheng too, even if the other Cybermen are still here.

DOCTOR: Maybe they'll turn out as instruments for good after all, if they and the humans can learn to live together.
NYSSA: They certainly have a good pedigree.
DOCTOR: Is that meant to be flattering?
NYSSA: It is.
DOCTOR: Oh. Well, perhaps there is something to be said for breeding. And they are doing a good job on the city roof. No human could do that.
NYSSA: It's already warming up.
(Footsteps.)
CYBERMAN: Doctor?
DOCTOR: Yes. Is that you, Thomas Dodd? You really should wear a label, you know. Tragic waste. The old unprocessed Thomas, the one I couldn't trust, he was infinitely preferable.
CYBERMAN: My programming does not encompass deceit, Doctor. You are requested to supervise the reconstruction work.
DOCTOR: No, no, Thomas. That's very kind. But we must be going.
DAD: Going? Going? You can't go, Doctor. We need you. There's plans to lay and burst pipes to mend.
DOCTOR: Sounds like pure drudgery. I'm sure you can cope.
NYSSA: The Doctor prefers to deal with the grand scheme rather than the day to day details.
FRANK: Told you, Dad. Take no notice, Doctor. He'll do it brilliantly himself.
DOCTOR: I'm sure.
DAD: It's all for Yvonne, you know.
DOCTOR: I know. And that's the best possible reason. Where's Doctor Allan?
DAD: Working. She reckons with your notes she can reverse at least some of the processing. Make them a bit less, well.
DOCTOR: A bit more human?
DAD: Less horrible, I'd say.
DOCTOR: That's a decision for all of you. At least she's closing down the processing lines.
(Distant church bells start to ring.)
CYBERMAN: The bells at the Church of Former-Day Souls.
DOCTOR: A bit cheerier this time, Thomas? Ringing for the future. Whatever that brings.
NYSSA: Frank, I thought you'd like this.
FRANK: What is it?
NYSSA: A box of tea leaves. I found it in the Tardis.
DOCTOR: Ah, Nyssa.
FRANK: Oh. Thanks. Look, dad
DAD: What's that? Tea? Oh, I thought the Doctor was going to give us the bill.
DOCTOR: Now there's a thought.
NYSSA: Doctor, be nice.
DOCTOR: Nice?
DAD: No, no, that's grand, Nyssa. Thank you, both of you.
FRANK: Come on, Dad, time for a brew-up.
DAD: Aye.
DOCTOR: Time to go, I think.
(Tardis door opens.)
NYSSA: What?
DOCTOR: Goodbye, everyone. Come along, Nyssa.
NYSSA: But Doctor. Goodbye, everyone.
FRANK + DAD: Goodbye, Doctor.
DOCTOR: That tea was a gift from the Emperor Ieyasu of Nippon. I'd been saving it up.
(The Tardis door closes. The Tardis dematerialises.)

(Keyboard.)
ALLAN: You're very quiet, Sisterman Constant. You haven't even looked at the Doctor's notes on stem cells and processing reversal.
CYBERMAN: Logically the proposition would be to increase processing, Doctorman.
ALLAN: Oh no, we're not going through all that again. The Doctor was right. We've got a different future now. A future he's given us. What's the matter? Constant, why are you looking at me like that?
(Door opens.)
ALLAN: Commander Zheng! You were destroyed
ZHENG: Doctorman Allan. We begin again.

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